

the Author's Weekly

Seven Cents a Copy

August 19th, 1922

THE EDITOR

The Journal of Information for Literary Workers

A Weekly Service for Authors

VOL. 58

Book Hill, Highland Falls, N. Y.

NO. 8

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507th Number

28th Year

A Little Service that The Editor renders Authors—begun because nobody else cared to trouble to render it—is to furnish, at close to cost, printed or unprinted manuscript mailing envelopes. These envelopes of light, tough kraft-paper save their cost in postage. Have them printed, if your address is not soon to change, and no valuable manuscript will be lost.

The envelopes are furnished in editor-going and home-coming sizes, to fit manuscript on 8½ by 11 inch paper folded twice. This is the preferable, usual way. 60 of each size, printed with your name and address, cost \$2.50 postpaid. 120 of each size, printed, cost \$4.50 postpaid.

Manuscript paper, printed to order, 8½ by 11 inches, finest linen, costs \$3.60 for 250 sheets postpaid; \$4.75 for 500 sheets; \$7.50 for 1,000 sheets; \$12.75 for 2,000 sheets.

For \$7.50 you may have, delivery postpaid, 60 of each size of the manuscript mailing envelopes, and 500 sheets of printed manuscript paper.

The Editor Magazine,
Book Hill, Highland Falls, N. Y.

First aid when vagrant thoughts refuse expression in words—Roget's Thesaurus of English Words and Phrases.

Its function is that of the author—to find the word or words to express thoughts. It is a treasure house from introduction to index.

It will pay its way alongside your type-writer as a spelling book. It is at once a book of synonyms and antonyms. It is the great book of likes and opposites in words. To read the introduction with understanding is to have a knowledge of words in relation to human activities that few thinkers acquire in a life-time.

Get a copy of Roget, use it, and understand it, and it will lighten the labor of literary composition.

The newly revised edition, in large type (don't bother with any other), costs \$3.15 postpaid.

The Editor Magazine,
Book Hill, Highland Falls, N. Y.

If you could talk with Rex Beach about the effect of the movies on literature—

If Robert W. Chambers would discuss with you the meaning of genius—

If Montague Glass would explain to you his theory of a humorous story—

If Booth Tarkington, Robert Herrick, Harry Leon Wilson, and George Barr McCutcheon would talk about writing and their experiences—

And if sixteen other successful authors would each chat with you about writers' problems—

You would consider these conversations a great treat.

These friendly talks are assembled in a 318 page book called "Literature in the Making."

This book costs regularly \$1.50, but you may have it free with two new yearly subscriptions to The Black Cat at \$1.50 each.

Note: You may substitute a subscription for Yours Truly at \$1.50 or a subscription for The Blue Pencil at \$2.00 in place of one of the Black Cat subscriptions.

Circulation Dept., The Black Cat,
Book Hill, Highland Falls, N. Y.

Great Special Offer—

Subscriptions for the magazines published by the folks on Book Hill, and for the utilities offered on this page are good investments. If you want to save money—this offer will appeal to you:

The Editor Weekly for one year\$3.60

The Black Cat, monthly, for one year...\$1.50

Yours Truly, monthly, for one year....\$1.50

The Blue Pencil, monthly, for one year..\$2.00

Roget's Thesaurus of English Words and Phrases \$3.15

"Literature in the Making"\$1.50

60 of each size of Mailing Envelopes ...\$2.50

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Invest \$12.00 (Save \$8.50) and You'll Have Large Returns from the Most Satisfactory Purchase You Ever Made.

The Editor,
Book Hill, Highland Falls, N. Y.

THE LITERARY MARKET

There is a place somewhere for every
good Manuscript—THE EDITOR

This department THE EDITOR publishes each week news of the literary market that interests and aids writers with manuscripts for sale. Whenever possible statements are taken exactly from letters received from the editors of the publications concerned.

The Fenimore Country Club, White Plains, N. Y., offers a \$500 prize for the best dramatization of one of J. Fenimore Cooper's novels, preferably "The Spy." An author may submit any number of Mss. If he thinks any of Cooper's novels lend themselves to a musical production he may rest assured that this type of Mss. will receive the same consideration as any other. Contest closes October 2nd, 1922. The club intends to produce the winner in the theatre upon its own grounds and, if warranted, there will also be a Broadway production. Though only one prize has been announced so far, the club may also award a second and third prize. A three-act play is suggested as the best length. All Mss. must be typed, double spaced, on one side of paper only. Address: Dramatic Committee, Fenimore Country Club, White Plains, N. Y.

The Dramatic Club of Indianapolis offers \$100 for the best one, two, or three act play submitted to it by October 15th, \$25 for the second best, and \$15 for the third. The plays remain the property of the author. The prizes paid by the club give it the rights for the first performances. Address: John R. Newcomb, President, 4402 Washington Boulevard, Indianapolis, Ind.

Alfred A. Knopf (The Borzoi Books), 220 West 42nd Street, New York, N. Y., general book publisher, announces that he has added a department to be devoted to the publication of college text books. The department is in charge of Paul B. Thomas, formerly on the editorial staff of the Carnegie Endowment. Mr. Knopf says: "I do not propose to publish just the usual kind of text book any more than in 1915 I set out to publish the same sort of books for the general reader that other houses were bringing out regularly and in great quantities. Our appeal will be to the younger college and university instructor—the man or woman who in a decade or so will be at the helm—the woman (or man) who has an idea that it may require a bit of imagination to grasp. In a word, I believe Borzoi texts can be made to appeal exactly as Borzoi books are daily proving their appeal. I invite correspondence most especially with regard to this new department."

Factory, Cass, Huron and Erie Streets, Chicago, Ill., one of the A. W. Shaw Company's publications, wants accounts of simple, cost-cutting, waste eliminating, and better management plans that have been used successfully in factories. Any tried and tested better management plan is likely to be available. From one and one-half to two cents a word is paid for material. Items should be boiled down to from 300 to 350 words.

True Story Magazine, 119 West 40th Street, New York, N. Y., offers a first prize of \$1,000, a second prize of \$500, a third of \$300, a fourth of \$200, and fifty fifth prizes of \$100 each for true stories. It promises to pay at least two cents a word for all contributions that do not win prizes. The contest closes November 30th, 1922. An intending contributor should certainly make a careful

study of the material True Story Magazine is printing.

Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y., is always in the market for pictures that tell the kodak story for advertising use, but rarely receives pictures that are available. The company says: "One of the first things we look for when we see a picture submitted for advertising use is its humaneness and freedom from artificiality. We don't like a picture to seem staged. If it is of a home interior we want it to be unmistakably a home interior and not obviously a studio set. This spirit of naturalness refers not only to surroundings but also to the models themselves and the way they are clothed. We like pretty girls, but not the movie type, and good looking men, but not matinee idols. We are fond of cute youngsters but they must never seem to be infant prodigies. There are other factors which we consider in the selection of advertising photographs. They must be photographically good. Preferably the negative should be sharp and clean-cut so that it will lend itself readily to enlargement. A very important point is that the pictures show the proper use of the Kodak. We don't want to show a picture of a girl making a speed picture with a camera—a Brownie, let us say—that is not adapted to the type of exposure. We don't like to show a picture of a model holding the camera incorrectly or pointing it incorrectly or apparently making a picture under impossible light conditions or at a distance too close for results."

Royal Feature Service, Box 525, Cleveland, Ohio, is "again in the market for short stories and serial fiction, with themes of love, mystery and adventure for newspaper syndication. No poetry or verse of any kind considered."

McClure's Magazine, 76 Lafayette Street, New York, N. Y., is using verse to fill page ends after its long prose contributions, and evidently is finding some difficulty in obtaining acceptable material, for it uses a number of re-printed poems in its August issue.

Department-Store World, 300 Lincoln Building, Philadelphia, Pa., "has been purchased by the Department Store World Company, Incorporated, and has been reorganized upon a sound financial basis that will determine its future editorial policy. Although the magazine has received many contributions, the editors still feel that most writers are not directing their efforts to the essential and specific character of material that it desires. Though this does not mean a limited outlook in the selection of copy—rather, we want to be known by our wide and flexible policy—it nevertheless is necessary to emphasize that we have a special appeal to merit and most of our considerations primarily are held in balance with that view. We want authoritative writers to present matter that will not only be interesting but stimulating and engrossing. Our particular needs are unique ideas, practical and sufficiently suggestive so that others may make use of them, not recitals of hackneyed methods and obvious estimates of obscure, self-styled successes. Articles that are informant, decisive and embody the interests of store executives, buyers, merchandisers, advertising directors, display directors, personnel and control, from 1,500 to 2,500 words each, are most desired, and we pay at the rate of a cent a word and up upon acceptance. Should matter be of especial appeal and value we may consider even longer con-

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for inspiration.

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sense.
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This is why we search the Nation for Imagination

If you possess the gift, the screen needs you and will pay from \$500 to \$2,000 for your stories. Will you accept a free test of your imagination?

THE WHOLE STORY of the motion picture industry's supreme crisis is told in the newspaper clippings reproduced above. They refer to the newest picture of one of the greatest stars of the screen.

Talent costing millions—a fortune invested in the production. And a disappointment to the public!

And now the producers realize that the whole future of the industry hangs in the balance. To the Palmer Photoplay Corporation they have said: "Search the nation for Imagination. Train it to create stories for the screen."

A \$10,000 Discovery

Wonderful results are rewarding this search. The Palmer Photoplay Corporation discovered Imagination in Miss Winifred Kimball, of Apalachicola, Florida, and trained it to create scenarios. Miss Kimball won the first prize of \$10,000 in the Chicago Daily News Scenario contest. Eight other Palmer students won prizes in that greatest of contests, in which 30,000 scenarios were entered. Three Palmer students won all the prizes in the J. Parker Rende, Jr., scenario contest in which 10,000 competed.

And the search for Imagination goes on. This advertisement offers you the free questionnaire test with which we discover such Imagination as lay hidden in a Florida village, until we found and trained Miss Kimball.

What is Imagination? The power of making mental images. It is the inspira-

tion back of every big thing ever done. And it is the very essence of motion pictures, because the screen is merely an image of life.

The Imagination of a handful of men equipped the industry mechanically. Their creative task is completed. But the Imagination of the sun is necessary to keep the industry operating. New pictures—and yet more pictures—is the cry of the theatres and the public.

Is it any wonder that producers are seeking everywhere the original story—the scenario written expressly for the screen, with the screen's wife built in and its imitations in view?

The Palmer Photoplay Corporation, the industry's accredited agent for recruiting new scenario talent for the screen, is discovering hidden ability in all walks of life, and through its training course in screen technique is developing scenario writers whose work is eagerly sought by producers.

Will you take this free test?

By a remarkable psychological questionnaire test, which is sent free to any serious man or woman who fills the coupon on this page, natural aptitude for screen writing is discovered. It is a searching, scientifically exact analysis of the Imagination. Through it scores of men and women have had opened to them the fascinating and well-paid profession of photoplay authorship.

Persons who do not meet the test are frankly and confidentially told so. Those who do indicate the natural gifts required for screen writing may, if they so elect, enter upon the Palmer home train-

ing course. This course equips them in every detail to turn those talents to large profit. The Palmer Course is actively instructional to the imaginative mind; it stirs the dramatic instinct to vigorous expression. So stimulating are the forces brought into play for screen dramatization, that the Palmer Course has become a recognized aid of incalculable value for men and women in every walk of life when the ability to visualize developments in story is primarily, however, it is for the screen.

\$500 to \$2000 for a Single Story

The Palmer Photoplay Corporation, which exists primarily to sell photoplays to producers, must train new writers in order to obtain stories to sell. The producers are now paying from \$500 to \$2000 for original stories by new writers.

None but the simple, sincere facts. This advertisement is just a part of the search for talent worth developing. It is not an unconditional offer to train you for screen writing; it is an offer to test you for screen writing in your own home—to test you for the creative and imaginative faculties which you may have but are not conscious of. When you have passed the test, if you pass it, we shall send you, without obligation, a complete and efficient course in screen writing, a complete and efficient course in screen writing, its possibilities, its brilliant success in developing screen writers, and an interesting inside story of the needs of the motion picture industry today.

Will you give an evening to this fascinating questionnaire? Just clip the coupon—and clip it now, before you forget.

PALMER PHOTOPLAY CORPORATION
Dept. of Education 124 W. 4th St., Los Angeles, Cal.



PLEASE send me, without cost or obligation, my next questionnaire. I will answer the questions in it and return it to you for analysis. If I pass the test, I am to receive further information about your Course and Service.

Name

Indicate Mr., Mrs., or Miss

Address

tions. We are also in the market for unusual attractive photographs that illustrate department store efficiency or pertain to department store interests. We still have openings for correspondents in various cities."

The Northwest Veteran, 218 14th Street, Corvallis, Ore., announces that it desires articles up to 1,500 words each of interest to world war veterans, as well as jokes, paragraphs and humorous stories with a military flavor for its departments, "The Dizzy Sector," "Out of the Mess Kit," and "Seconds." The managing editor, Rolla R. Roberts, adds: "Here's a good chance to cash in on your war experiences, you free-lance ex-service men. We want nothing heavy; everything must be written in a breezy style, but literary merit is not so much desired as the article with a wallop, and with the interest to the 'vets.' Material is reported on promptly, and payment on publication."

Woman's World, 107 South Clinton Street, Chicago, Ill., pays on acceptance, and is in need of Middle Western and Northwestern adventure stories with a "feminine angle."

Today's Housewife is now at 18 East 18th Street, New York, N. Y. It is reported to have changed hands.

The International Institute of Economics will pay \$5 for each contribution submitted and found available for insertion in The World Today. Notes must be brief, picturesque and authentic, subject to verification, and concern recent developments of interest in affairs affecting national life of some well defined national community. Address: The World Today, The International Bulletin, 119 West 40th Street, New York, N. Y.

Telling Tales, 80 East 11th Street, New York, N. Y., Susan Jenkins, editor, says that under the new ownership the policy of this magazine will be practically unchanged. The stories used are of the type known as "snappy stories." It pays one cent a word for short stories and novelettes, twenty-five cents a line for poetry, and twenty-five cents for epigrams. The immediate need is for stories of from 5,000 to 7,000 words each and for epigrams.

The Progressive Farmer and Southern Farm Gazette, Birmingham, Ala., offers \$5 for each acceptable 500 word experience letter from farmers and farm women.

Southern Ruralist, 116 East Hunter Street, Atlanta, Ga., offers prizes of \$15, \$10, \$5, and \$2 each month during this year for letters of not more than 1,000 words suitable for special numbers. It also pays \$2 each for acceptable articles on how to make labor-saving devices, tools, machinery, etc., for the farm, and prizes amounting to \$200 for the best devices turned in during the year. It also offers \$50 in prizes for the best articles on stock raising.

The Boston Post, Boston, Mass., offers cash prizes each week for the best 1,000 word short stories written by women. A first prize of \$10 and a second of \$5 are awarded each week. In addition, \$2 is paid for each story accepted for publication. The author must sign her own name and indicate whether Miss or Mrs. Do not use initials or husband's name. Stories should not exceed 1,000 words each.

Life and Letters, Girard, Kansas, is announced for publication by the publishers of The Appeal to Reason. Each month's issue will treat one subject. It is necessary that contributors address the editor before offering manuscripts.

Love Story Magazine, 79 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y., has awarded first prize of \$30 in its criticism competition to Mariel Brady.

Father and Son League, 115 Denham Building, Denver, Colo., offers to pay from \$1 to \$2 each for acceptable pictures of fathers and sons doing things together. Pictures of fathers and sons fishing, gardening, making home repairs, tinkering the car, or just living together, are desired. Pictures that show fathers and boys of from ten to fifteen years are preferred. Glossy prints are necessary.

Postage, 18 East 18th Street, New York, N. Y., a monthly magazine devoted to direct mail advertising and selling topics, announces that the first prize of \$50 in its folder criticism competition has been awarded to Walter Peis of New York; second prize of \$25 to Raymond T. Stevens, of Syracuse, N. Y.; third prize of \$10 to W. B. Mallett, of Hartford, Conn., and fourth, fifth and sixth prizes of \$5 each to Fanny Byrne, Miss A. J. Stemple, and Allen D. Gow.

Silver, Burdett and Company, publishers of textbooks have moved from Boston, Mass., to 39 Division Street, Newark, N. J.

Lothrop, Lee & Shepherd Company, general book publishers, who make a feature of juvenile books have moved to 273 Congress Street, Boston, Mass.

The Glean, Canton, Mass., is a new magazine of verse for young people, intended for the use of schools in promoting taste for and interest in poetry. It is published by the School and Poetry Association. Paul S. Nickerson is editor.

The Victoria Institute, 1 Central Building, Westminster, London, England, offers a prize of \$200 for an original essay on the "Historical Value of the Book of Jonah."

The Humorist in Various Moods, 3-11 Southamp-ton Street, London, W. C. 2, England, is a new magazine of humor published by George Nownes, Ltd. It will use jokes, anecdotes, stories, and humorous illustrations.

The United States Civil Service Commission, Washington, D. C., announces an open competitive examination for appointments to fill vacancies as Assistant Hospital Librarian, Library A'd, Library Assistant, and Male Stenographer. Interested writers should communicate with the Civil Service Commission at once, and ask for the necessary application forms, and explanatory circulars.

THE RADIO MAGAZINES

By Walter D. Peck, Jr.

There are two main types of articles on radio: those with a popular or non-technical appeal, and those which are purely technical. The first must be simple enough for the average layman to understand, but must treat some special phase of the subject in an unusual or new light, being absolutely authoritative. Generalizations are not wanted by any magazine. That which applies to the first group also applies to the second with the exception that the articles must be of a technical character. It is best to accompany such articles as those with a diagram, illustrative of the idea, in which it is necessary to incorporate the standard diagram symbols.

In order to give a fair idea of the market for articles on radio, I shall list six representative radio magazines and quote from letters which show their needs. Beside a number of other radio magazines

(Continued on Page V.)

LITTLE "ADS"

The rate for these ads. is six cents a word. No advertisement will be accepted for less than the cost of 18 words. Payment should accompany orders.

Artists

Illustrations to help sell your story. Fourteen years experience. Reasonable prices. Benton Reed, 8 West Walton Place, Chicago.

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Attractive, accurate manuscripts typed by expert typist, 50c thousand words; includes carbon. Returned in remarkably short time. Mrs. Al Goldstein, 815 E. 166th St., New York City.

Manuscripts typed for publication; straight copy or rough draft. Rates on request. E. L. Paxson, 9357 Amesbury Ave., Cleveland, Ohio.

Manuscripts typewritten—Rate 35 cents per thousand words with one carbon copy. B. P. Bobbitt, Kittrell, N. C.

Manuscripts, photoplays and poems copied promptly and in correct technical form. Circulars addressed and mailed. Rates on request. Jessie M. Fease, 657 Astor St., Milwaukee, Wis.

Authors' Service Bureau. Expert Typing Service, any manuscript copied to comply with publishers' rules. Lowest rates. Write, J. E. Gardner, Keyser, W. Va.

Aid to Authors

Try This! Send your Story-Idea—200 words. I suggest plot, incidents, characters, title, markets—complete working synopsis. Enclose Dollar with each Story-Idea. Also stories criticised, revised. Five cents each 100 words. George B. Potter, 222 No. Beacon St., Hartford, Conn.

Manuscripts Wanted

\$\$ CASH—Real Money—and a Steady Job. If you can write Short Stories, Serial Stories, News Items, Jokes—we want them every month, and will pay Cash for them. For a Big New Magazine. Get yourself in print. The opportunity you want. We don't want any money. We want the copy. Send your address today for instruction sheet. Address, "Business," Box 637, Steubenville, Ohio.

Name Wanted

\$\$ CASH—Real Money—For You! Big new Magazine wants a Name. We will pay Big Money for it. Send your name and address today for instructions. Don't send us any money. This offer is Free to all. Cash in on this. Address "Business," Box 637, Steubenville, Ohio.

Criticism, Revision, Typing

Writers—Let experts give professional criticism of your manuscripts. Revised, corrected, typed, extra carbon copy, 60c per 1000 words. Have had many successful years' experience writing. We know how. West Jersey News Bureau, Collingswood, New Jersey.

Magazines

SCREENLAND MAGAZINE, "Made-Where-The

Movies-Are-Made. Send 25c for sample copy Screenland, Hollywood, Calif.

Wanted

O'Brien's Best Short Stories of the Year, and O'Henry Memorials wanted. State year; condition; price. H. Hera, 229 W. Clapier Street, Philadelphia.

Photographs

Kodak snapshots, any kind, for sale, 5 cts. each. Fine for illustrating stories, etc. Clara S. McCulley, 4424 Penn St., Kansas, Mo.

Books

Aspirant Writers—"The Photoplay Writer's Aid Book" consists of: Technical and Fundamental Principles of writing photoplays; also addresses of producing companies; desires. Price \$2.00. H. A. Mohr, 31 Twenty-first St., Toledo, Ohio.

Typewriters

FEATHERWEIGHT BLICK. Six pounds in leather case. Four styles type. Perfect condition. Cost \$78; selling \$38. Box 14. Pataskala, Ohio.

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801 Butler Bldg.,

Cincinnati, Ohio

CHARACTER AND SITUATION, AND PLOT AND STORY

By Randolph Bartlett

"I'm running into a lot of trouble with the plot of my new novel," said the Young Fellow to the Old Hand.

"Oh, I see," the Old Hand growled. "This is to be one of those novels that prove something."

"Not at all. I can't see how that follows," the Young Fellow replied.

"If you're not trying to prove something, what business have you with the plot at all?" demanded the Old Hand. "Some day, my boy, when this old world is a better and brighter place, there's going to be an amendment to the constitution of the League of Nations prohibiting any person from writing a novel until regularly licensed. This license will provide specifically that it will be withdrawn the instant the licensee shows any disposition to create anything except characters and situations. If your characters are definite, living beings, they will turn your situations into plot for you if you'll just leave them alone. You can't have trouble with the plot because it's none of your business. It is quite possible for your characters to have trouble with the plot, and then your novel begins to have life and interest."

"If they're my characters and they have trouble, don't I have trouble too?" the Young Fellow asked, with a gleam that suggested he believed he had the Old Hand in a hole.

"Not by any means. Their trouble is your pleasure and profit. Look at it this way: You have a situation confronting a certain set of characters. You have decided in advance what they should do. When you reach that point in your story you find that they won't do that at all, or that if they do, it sinks you deeper in the mire of unforeseen complications. That's what you mean by having trouble with your plot. Now suppose you were letting your characters write your plot for you. If they approach a situation hesitatingly, undecided as to which of two or even more possible courses to pursue, you have then the material at hand for living fiction. Write about their qualms, their fears, their doubts, their false starts, their reconsiderations. If you have created real characters and are not using dummies and lay figures, they will astonish you with their words, thoughts and actions. Don't be afraid of analytical writing, unless you're afraid you're not up to it. Turn your char-

acters inside out; show your readers what these people are like.

"What do you suppose made 'If Winter Comes' one of the biggest sellers in years? Simply that 'Mark Sabre' is shown to you so completely, his character exposed under the X-ray of analysis, until you feel almost as if you were intruding in his private life, eavesdropping on his secret thoughts. And 'Mark Sabre' was not an easy character to show to the casual reader. There had to be a lot of analytical writing. Much of it was done in narrative. Analysis doesn't mean devoting pages to categorical and arbitrary descriptions of a man's appearance and mental processes. Seemingly trivial incidents will do it, and lend authority to the statement.

"I don't believe a novel of that sort can be written by building a skeleton of plot first, and trying to make it live afterwards by imagining characters who will fit the dry bones. I don't believe Victor Hugo knew what was going to happen to Jean Valjean eventually, when he began 'Les Miserables.' I don't believe Balzac knew just what incarnations Vautrin would assume until each separate circumstance arose requiring the character to plunge into action. I don't believe Thackeray knew what would happen to Becky Sharp all the way through 'Vanity Fair,' when he brought her into being. They didn't need to know. All they cared was that these were characters who had become real in their minds, characters who were interesting, and who consequently could not do uninteresting things, if allowed to go their own ways.

"Get away from writing for a minute, and think of your experience with men and women. You like a man, you make him a friend, and you are immediately interested in everything he does. He can tell you about little incidents of his day's routine that in themselves have no intrinsic value and you listen with interest. Identically parallel experiences of strangers would bore you to extinction. But you like your friend, and you find enjoyment in trivial matters concerning him, because you imagine him in them.

"So with your novel. Your problem is to make your characters interesting to your reader. Establish friendships between your audience and your people. Those friendships will carry you through everything. But if

you make those characters do things that you think you want them to do, regardless of whether or not they themselves want to do them, your reader will complain that the characters are not acting naturally, and will declare his friendship cancelled, or call you a fool for treating his friend as you have done.

"A friend of mine once had an idea for a novel based upon the experiences of a doctor who specialized upon the treatment of neurotic society women. In the first chapter a girl came into the story, and my friend discovered that the things the girl did were so much more interesting than those he had intended the doctor to do, that he let her take her head, and she ran away with the story. It wasn't great literature that resulted, but it was a mighty lively yarn, and he left the nerve specialist for another time. Your novel is a microcosm. People it with interesting men and women, and leave them alone to work out their own salvation."

"You couldn't write a detective story that way," the Young Fellow observed.

"No," the Old Hand admitted. "That's why you hardly ever find really interesting characters in a detective story. They all have to follow certain definitely prescribed routes of action, and they need no more brains than the car of a roller coaster. That's why Sherlock Holmes is the favorite character in detective fiction. There is a certain unique character building there, possibly because he is the observer rather than the creator of the plot.

"There have been, of course, certain masterpieces created upon definitely prearranged plots. The best example is 'The Tale of Two Cities.' Dickens could not have begun this story without the denouement in mind, and still he had an almost unlimited range of action from which to select the intermediate steps. After all, it proves the rule, because the book never would have been great if Carton had not been so excellently drawn. The trick ending led the character

to the culmination of its development."

"But when I told you I was having trouble with my plot, why did you say, 'This is to be one of those novels that prove something?'"

"Because in the didactic and propaganda novel, each character is less a human being than one of the arguments in a debate. If I set out to prove, for instance, that 'Tis better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all,' my characters are all laid out before me at the outset. There is the hero who loves the unattainable woman, the woman herself, who either does not love him or is compelled by circumstances to marry the villain, the villain, who compels the woman to marry him because this fits in with his ambitions. The hero finds his place in life, prospers spiritually, cherishes his ideals. The villain, no matter how his ambitions develop into actualities, becomes more and more discontented. Then I must weave my plot in and about these situations, and create incidents leading from point to point, with no help from the characters, who, quite probably, would much rather be doing something entirely different. H. G. Wells is one of the few men who have been able to accomplish this with anything resembling artistic results. He has even been accused, perhaps unjustly, of writing his 'History of the World' in this mode. I don't know—I haven't read it—but it would not be surprising.

"For myself, I would much rather let the characters act as they want to act and find them proving the exact opposite of what I intended, than put them in my mental strait-jacket and compel them to line up with my preconceived idea.

"No, my boy, life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness are the constitutional rights of characters in a novel, no less than of citizens of any other republic. Bully them if you like, but they'll get even with you by ruining your work."

KNOW WHAT YOU WANT TO DO AND DO IT

By Frank H. Williams

When I first started free lancing some years ago it was on more or less of a hit and miss proposition. I wrote what I felt like writing when I felt like writing it.

This plan got results that were satisfac-

tory. But as time went on and I found that certain publications were in the habit of buying my stuff, I found that I was drifting into something of a rut. I'd write only for the publications that favored my manu-

scripts, and I'd not try to get into new markets.

In other words, the work I was doing was becoming more and more narrowed. I was writing only where I knew I'd sell and not at all trying to broaden my field or increase in writing power by trying to turn out material which would sell at other markets.

Finally I came to a decision to try each week for some new markets, more as a matter of disciplining my mind into lines that would keep it out of a rut than anything else.

Here again I was up against a proposition—I was always telling myself that I didn't have time to do work for any outside markets, that I was having all I could do to turn out material for those publications that were in the habit of buying from me regularly.

I knew this was sophistry. I had plenty of time to do the work for the new markets. It was all a matter of making myself do it.

So I finally evolved the way of planning a definite schedule of work for each week in advance of the week.

On each Saturday afternoon, following the conclusion of the work for the week, I go over the list of all the publications that have ever purchased material from me, and make a list of those for whom I should write during the coming week if I am to continue to get checks from them regularly.

This, of course, is the regular weekly stint which must be done, no matter what happens.

Then I choose the publications to which I want to sell material and determine just which ones I will write for during the coming week.

Finally, I make a definite schedule for each

day of the week, so much work for those publications to which I regularly sell and so much work for those publications to which I have not yet sold but to which I want to sell. Something for old and something for new each day.

After completing the week's schedule I go over it carefully, summing it up to see whether or not it is too heavy for me and getting in mind all the material I have on hand that can be utilized in turning out the material for the publications named on the schedule.

Then on the following Monday morning I start in on the schedule just as I have outlined it, and let nothing, outside of accident, sickness, or something extraordinary stop me from going through with it.

The result of having this definite schedule with something specific to do for each day of the week and with regular patrons and new markets listed for each day, is to make myself turn out more work than ever before, and, also, to get my mind out of the rut. It makes me think along new lines, it makes me write in new ways, it definitely gets me out of the groove.

Best of all, this arranging of a weekly schedule that tells what I want to do and how to do it, brings in more checks than ever before.

It isn't inspiration but worth-while production in this writing game that gets the money. The farther I get into the game the more I'm convinced of it.

I'm sure that if other writers adopted this weekly schedule, or assignment plan, they, also, would turn out more worth while work and get more worth while checks from publishers in return for this work.

CONTEMPORARY WRITERS AND THEIR WORK

A Series of Autobiographical Letters on the Genesis, Conception, Development, and Writing of Short Stories, Poems, and Articles Published in Current Periodicals

FROM PLAY TO NOVEL

By Ernest Goodwin

"Don Cristobal de Zaurigi," my novel of seventeenth century Spain, which McClure's Magazine is now publishing in serial form, was written, like my other two novels, "The Caravan Man" and "The Duchess of Siona" (Houghton Mifflin Co.), under protest.

I am an Englishman, living in London, and engaged in a two-fold struggle with my countrymen. In the first place, I insist that I am a capable playwright. They won't believe me or give me a chance to demonstrate my correctitude of judgment. Secondly, and

in default of a hearing as a playwright, I appeal to them to listen to me as a writer of stories. They decline, inexorably.

Exasperated, humiliated, but still fighting, I turn to America. Here I find an audience at least for my stories. My plays apparently must still abide neglect.

But the peculiarly annoying thing is that my three novels are each of them only one of my plays turned into a story. Refused by theatrical managers, they find acceptance, in America, at least, as serials and novels. Ainslee's, Everybody's, McClure's—surely the editors of these magazines, each of whom has honored me by publishing my long stories, know what their readers like. And is not the reading public, the magazine reader, also your theatre-goer? The story that pleases in print, will it not satisfy in action on the stage, particularly when, as in my case, the author has first cast his creation in play form, and only in desperation made a story out of the same theme, following the lines of his play? I invite any reader of this explanation who may feel sufficiently interested in my story to read "Don Cristobal de Zaurigi" as it appears in the pages of McClure's, to follow the run of the play which underlies it. My "Caravan Man" and "The Duchess of Siona" novels exhibit the same construction.

Now as to how I came to write "Don Cristobal." The idea came, as most writers will agree ideas do come, vaguely, but with a certain "zip" in it, a sort of clamor, "I'm alive! I'm alive! Don't let me drop. You can do something with me." All it gave me at first was the idea of a man arriving at an inn, far from his usual haunts, and yet discovering that he was expected, that a room was ready for him—and a lady. Any writer will recognize at once, I think, that this is the kind of intriguing opening which, properly handled, may be relied on to catch the reader's fancy quickly. In my case I saw it as the very beginning of a play. It set itself rapidly. Place: Spain. Time: Sixteenth or seventeenth century. An inn, picturesque in appearance and romantic in atmosphere. Enter our man. Get him sympathy—how? A fugitive, not so much from justice as from the law. Obviously breaking away from unjust imprisonment. Bring out your surprise with all the "clap" you can. Our man finds that supper is ready. His room is ready. Then—as sharply as possible—"And

where is the lady your worship spoke of in your letter?"

Bang! There's your first thrill, either for play or story.

So far I got with my first idea, and in a little while further incidents came looming up. Cristobal (I selected that as a very possible name for a hero) reasons that the man who has dared to use his name must be contriving some nefarious scheme. Obviously, our villain is now beginning to shape. What about the lady? Being associated with the villain she must be a bad lot herself, or—no, she shall be a victim. Good. We are now getting on. The villain, his woman victim, and the hero being led by Fate to the same spot, obviously the victim must be saved, just in time, by the hero. She had better be the heroine.

But so far we have only the beginnings of either a play or a story. The thing must expand. Mediaeval Spain—one can do anything in such a setting. How the girl and the villain and Cristobal came to reach the inn together I could not yet see, nor what was to happen afterwards, but I commenced at once to write all the foregoing as a first act of a play. I carried it a little further and then, merely as a temporary wind-up to the act, and to get an effective curtain, I brought in a band of brigands, set them swooping down on the inn, and hauled my three principal characters off to captivity.

Then everything in the way of invention dried up. I re-wrote and polished up the act till I had it in final form. Further I could not go. Commonplace adventure and stereotyped thrills were quite easy to devise. But I seek always to avoid the commonplace and the stereotyped. Most magazines are stuffed with them, and most plays. For four years that first act of "Don Cristobal de Zaurigi" lay in its envelope. I took it out and re-read it from time to time and wished I could go on with it. It seemed good.

Then one day I saw "Roque," the one-armed villain in the story. I was playing in the provinces with H. A. Saintsbury, the Shakespearian actor, undoubtedly our greatest Iago. One or two poses of his, facial movements, inflections of voice, evoked in my mind a vision of him as a character in my play. He "built up" rapidly. He became Roque, devilish, smiling, cold-blooded. I saw him as the man my Cristobal had to defeat. The tale began to move again. I saw Cristobal devising his humbugging plan to raid the

convent—the curtain to that scene, the exit of the brigands, dragging the nuns and their aristocratic young lady charges off to the Moorish corsair barque, I knew would be a gorgeous bit of stage lighting, color and business.

I got the whole play down, I got the script out to the managers—and I got it back. Ten years ago I should have had a time of feverish hopes and bitter disappointments. Now I never turn a hair. I suggested it as a serial to one or two British editors. "What—costume?" Their eyebrows went up in terror.

But I wrote it all the same. I sent it to America. McClure's accepted it and is printing it. (What taste, what judgment, what perception have we here, my masters!)

I wish now that I had illustrated the story myself as I at first intended to do. This may sound ungracious toward McClure's, but the artist, perhaps following instructions, has set my story a hundred to a hundred and fifty years later than I intended.

But when, in heaven's name, will some theatrical manager, possessed of wealth, intelligence, and courage, put these inventions of mine before the public as plays?

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF COMPOSITION

An Analysis of the Day-Dream Mechanism for Writers

By Ernest M. Poate, M. D.

PART III—The Ruling Unconscious Wishes

CHAPTER VII

Influence of Unconscious Complexes on Civilization

(Continued from Page 58.)

The residual libido, then, seeks indirect gratification through religious or artistic interests. Now, the great body of unconscious and unsatisfied libido which is fixed in the form of repressed family-complexes is continually demanding gratification also. It creates deep internal tensions—feelings of mental stress which are not, of course, understood—and taxes the dream-mechanism for fancied gratifications whereby to relieve this stress. The unconscious complexes, therefore, by determining the character of sublimations, shape all our higher concepts, whether religious or artistic.

To take the religious sublimations first, we have already pointed out the source of the God-concept. The adult conception of God is merely a projection of the infantile concept of the father as source of benefits and as the final authority. We need not here attempt to trace the development of religions from the simplest forms of demonolatry and fetishism on to the highest ethical forms. It may be instructive, however, to point out how the father-complex shapes all religious beliefs.

In every religion one finds a tendency toward pantheism. Deities are almost invariably bi-sexual; only the ancient Hebrews clung to a single male deity—and they, as their own records attest, were dissatisfied with that concept and continually "went a-

whoring after strange gods," to the dismay of the prophets. Isis and Osiris, Zeus and Hera, Jupiter and Juno, Odin and Freya—all are bisexual. There is the Father-god, progenitor of all; the Mother-goddess—there is a son, Horus, or Apollo, or the demi-god Baldur, who dies or is slain, and rises from the dead. And there is a virgin goddess, Diana or another, who is either a separate figure or an aspect of the Mother—the latter being more common, of course, as it is more satisfying.

A study, then, of practically all the well-founded religions which have had their millions of worshippers, reveals many similarities. We find the same family prototypes: the Father, the Mother, who is also a virgin, and the Son who is slain and rises again. These three, in varying forms, often divided by their various attributes into several subsidiary deities, are the chief gods everywhere.

And the myths present their relations in various ways and with various embroideries, which cover the basic relation deeper and deeper as the sexual taboos of civilization become more numerous. In Latin mythology Jove frankly fought with his father, triumphed over him and cast him out; afterward espousing his mother, Rhea, or as the later versions have it, his sister Hera, or Juno. Surely this is a plain family-complex fantasy; a dream-development of the unconscious wish to replace the father, and to destroy him. Other stories vary, of course; but always there is a presentation of father and son in conflict. At first this is straight-

forward battle; but as taboos become more numerous and father-son hostility is less frankly admitted, some other agency is involved. Now the son is slain because of the jealousy of some other deity, or because of his vicarious acceptance of the sins of others; but he is still slain because the father wills it. It is merely that the father's desire to slay the son is justified. Later, the son rises again, as does the sun; and this, which used to be considered a "solar myth," based upon the daily rebirth and death of the sun, is truly something deeper. It is the final triumph of the son over the father.

The Mother-goddess is given the attribute of virginity; and this also is a dramatized wish-fulfillment. It means that the mother is, after all, not possessed by the father; she remains free, and may be desired by the son. But we have no space here for detailed analysis of religious beliefs. We can only suggest the evolution of this father-mother-son

complex from its earliest, crudest form, in which the motive for strife is frankly and openly sexual, to the very much more complex and more sublimated forms, in which the sexual element has entirely disappeared, to be replaced by purely ethical motives.

And if anyone is shocked by my implied comparison of the Greek, Roman and Norse mythologies with the Father and Son of Christianity, and the Virgin Mother of Christ, let me remind that person that theologians find the Old Testament full of incidents (like the erection of the brazen serpent in the wilderness, or the uncompleted sacrifice of Isaac by his father, Abraham) which they read as foreshadowings of the Christ. That God Who symbolized the coming of His Son through these Old Testament tales could surely, if He chose, symbolize Himself as Father and as Son through these other religions also.

(To be continued.)

"SAID BY--WRITTEN BY"

Opinions and Quotations from Old and New Books and Periodicals

Royall Snow:

A Note on the Objective

Words are tricky things and likely to betray one. Under their oracular robes they hide the spirit of Harlequin, and many an honest critic has been mocked by his own innocently uttered phrase. There is, for example, that much-used term—objective, which will cause trouble soon if we do not straight-jacket it with a definition.

It is not that objective, like some terms, has no meaning—rather it has too many. As at present vaguely understood it must be applied to many of our contemporaries, to a large part of the work of Browning, Keats, Rossetti, and Chaucer; and it fits very nicely—to mention only a few—Shakespeare's sonnets, parts of the ethereal Shelley, and even (though this is heresy!) Tennyson when we find him writing such lines as

minnows everywhere

In crystal eddies glance and poise.

"Glance and poise" is a fact objectively seen and rendered if there ever was one. The jumble of names and poetic types to whom the adjective applies leaves one somewhat bewildered. The fact stands out that English poetry has always been objective—

the hunger of humanity for the concrete in an uncertain world has seen to that—but in various ways. Unless we begin to recognize distinctions we shall deprive our already meagre critical vocabulary of a necessary term.

We have, of course, what might be called the pure objective—the poetry which focuses attention upon external things for their own sake, for their beauty as they stand alone. Browning's "Home Thoughts from Abroad" with its beautiful rendering of the moisture and fragrance of spring, or his "Meeting at Night" with its phosphorescent sea and wet sand may serve as examples of the type. It is the thing itself, not the subjective emotion of the beholder that really counts.

Having established that pure objective type we have a category which will include part of the list of poems which we commonly call objective, but only an astonishingly small part. And, contrary to general but not too carefully analytical opinion, very little contemporary work falls within the category. We need a broader definition than "concern with the thing itself" to include the rest of the list.

Man has no love for abstractions. In a

sensuous world he is largely concerned with making his ideas as concrete as he can. There are a few men who will die for the political leader, the flag, the item in church ritual which concretely embodies the idea. Before there can be deep feeling there must be a symbol vivid to the senses: the symbol itself is in turn nothing without the idea behind. In the fusion of spirit and sense is born true emotion.

Once this relationship is understood it is possible to frame a definition which fits that objective poetry not of the pure type. The senses are the high road to feeling, the poets have always taken it to convey their ideal truths to their audience. And objectively in its broader sense means, then, so far as art is concerned, simply a phrasing of the abstract in terms of the concrete.

Various is this formula applied. The general truth that earthly things—the granite as well as the fragile—must vanish in the end, Shakespeare did not leave as an item of abstract truth.

Since brass nor stone, nor earth, nor bounding sea,

But sad mortality o'ersways their power,
How with this rage shall beauty hold a plea

Whose action is nor stronger than a flower?

So Shakespeare wrote it, and in the hard and definite first line he brought an idea out of the realm of abstractions. Moreover much of the imagery in which our poetry is so rich is also but an expression of the objective tendency—not, of course, in those figures of speech where something concrete though not perhaps well known is compared to something else more concrete yet better known, but in all those cases where something intangible is expressed in terms of the actual. Intellectual Beauty, for example, to even a Shelley could be nothing but an emotion-enkindling evanescence. That others might feel the gossamer rapture of it it had to be translated in the "Hymn to Intellectual Beauty" until it was like a

mist o'er mountains driven,
Or music by the night wind sent
Through strings of some still instrument,
Or moonlight on a midnight stream.

Gossamer it remains, but the bid to the senses is there. The poem as a whole is of a beautiful vagueness, but what meaning it has is secured through such passages.

It is obviously then only with reservations that the term objective can be applied to contemporary poetry, for the term belongs to all English poetry more or less. But if we say that the present movement stands

for symbolic objectivity we have employed a phrase of definite meaning. For there is an individual slant to the present movement which represents novelty in the application of an old principle—a novelty at once stimulating and exceedingly dangerous. The order of things is reversed. Instead of taking an abstraction and comparing it with concrete things, our contemporaries frequently prefer to deal directly with the concrete and leave us to infer from it the abstract or general which it stands for. Nothing definite upon earth is without its connotations and overtones; they are implicit no matter how solidly realistic the presentation. But the true modernist leaves them implicit where former poets have made them explicit. Nonetheless, objective things stand for the subjective feeling they would arouse in real life. They are symbols of ideas or emotions instead of comparisons.

It is so in Mr. T. S. Eliot's "The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock," which gives us an excellent illustration of the method. The impeccable Mr. Prufrock, amorphously erotic, cannot bring himself to disturb the perfect afternoon-tea-atmosphere by anything so convulsive as talk of love, and recoils in alarm from the subject—but with this exclamation:

I should have been a pair of ragged claws
Scuttling across the floors of silent seas.

The reader who does not see that as the symbol of the primitive (anything more free of social convention than a clawed sea creature is hard to imagine) will find in it little enough meaning. And the reader who misses the point of the ragged claws will be almost certain not to grasp the conclusion where Prufrock says:

I grow old—I grow old—
I shall wear the bottoms of my trousers rolled.
Shall I part my hair behind? Do I dare to eat a peach?

I shall wear white flannel trousers, and walk upon the beach.

I have heard the mermaids singing, each to each.
I do not think that they will sing to me.

I have seen them riding seaward on the waves
Combing the white hair of the waves blown back
When the wind blows the water white and black.

We have lingered in the chambers of the sea
By sea-girls wreathed with seaweed red and brown
Till human voices wake us and we drown.

The theme ends so in symbols and is far more effective than if Mr. Prufrock had ruminated somewhat after this fash: "Dash it all, I was a romantic youngster once but

that is over now. I'm middle-aged and respectable, can think of nothing but the clothes I shall wear, and what I may with safety eat."

The method is admirable, granted that the poet has an audience keen enough to interpret the symbol correctly. And there is, of course, a subtle compliment paid by the poet to his audience in the very choice of the method. The dead wood of interpretation is cut away and the living fibre of poetry remains. But that is only true if the symbol is fairly easily interpreted and so used that misinterpretation is unlikely. Otherwise readers, even of the most intelligent, are presented with a rhythmical riddle in place of a poem.

Poets have always solved the problem of how to come home at once to men's hearts and men's heads with the one formula, variously applied, if they have solved it at all. Nevertheless the concreteness of the current movement is more apparent than that of any previous period. The explanation lies in the fact that the symbolic treatment throws "the thing" into higher relief than the comparative method which tends to soften sharpness of outline, to embed "the thing" itself in an encircling thought structure. The symbolic method makes it the poem: what was formerly a thought structure definitely expressed, is become a hovering overtone. In a sense this overtone is not a part of the poem for it does not appear in the written words; but it is most emphatically a part in that it does appear in what is the final work of art—the emotional impression on the reader.—The Double Dealer.

Max Pemberton:

The Poverty of Today's Fiction

Fiction is the art of telling tales. In this connection it must be observed that the great adventure story writers have always emphasized the heroic. I think that the heroic is still as necessary in fiction as it was formerly. The heroic is the essence of adventure. Probably, on the whole, more permanence has been obtained by embodying the heroic than in any other way. In "Madame Bovary," for instance, you have got a woman striving against the destiny of a particularly monotonous life, but in that woman you have the heroic quality, because she is striving after the great things which belong to a world outside her sphere. In my opinion, the greatest novels in the French language are "Madame Bovary" and "Cousine Bette."

I am one of those who regret—and am not afraid to say so—the disappearance of the

"make believe" in which the old masters revelled. I regret the impossible people of G. P. R. James' "Horsemen on the Fabulous Hill." While I have the most profound admiration for the really great realistic novels—like "Madame Bovary," "Cousine Bette," "Germinal," and those of Thomas Hardy (perhaps Hardy above all)—the so-called "psychology" of our own day seems to me mostly unimaginative twaddle. Young men write about impossible sexual situations and, having no invention at all, fall back for their quarry upon the baser reports in the daily papers. This, if you please, is called "psychology," and we are asked to believe that there is something great in this kind of art, and that it is revolutionary. No doubt, the present interest in real psychology is exceedingly valuable, and ultimately may influence us all enormously in our judgment of human motives, but I do not think it has actually so far been of much use to the novelist, and I very much doubt if any man writing today has really made a close study of the very science about which he talks so glibly. I happen to have done so for reasons quite apart from my work, yet I cannot observe, at present, how the knowledge I have acquired is going to help me, unless I am to make my books in future mere medical treatises.

We have, in my opinion, far too little romance nowadays. There is no great creative art. No man invents for us a "Robinson Crusoe," a "Don Quixote," a "Musketeer," or a "Lady of the Camelias." The reader of today can rarely pick up a volume and discover a world different from his own in which he would like to live. In the view of the new school, it would be wrong to create such a world for him, since none such exists, and all that man may hope for is to witness the dying agonies of the lady who has taken the wrong turning. This cheery literature I find everywhere, and it is called "great art."

I wonder if there is a man with courage enough to say that, in the main, it is flappodoodle which will be swept away by posterity like the dead leaves of autumn.

We must get back to the endeavor to invent stories. A story is largely a contest of will. Drama results from the clash of opposing wills. And unless we recover the power of invention in which the great writers of the past excelled, we shall lose all perception of what fiction really is. The fiction of the present day, when it is not a medical treatise, is a pursuit of the obvious. People are married, divorced, and put into a novel.

THE LITERARY MARKET

(Continued from Page III.)

which I am not listing here, there are always a few magazines which, as Collier's has been doing, will run an occasional radio article. Many large newspapers and magazines such as the Literary Digest have a special radio department. All of these are possible markets. The following are the six radio magazines spoken of heretofore:

Popular Radio, 9 East 40th Street, New York, N. Y., Kendall Banning, editor, writes: "This magazine is in the market for two kinds of articles: articles of general interest to the layman and to the radio amateur, concerning the new applications of radio and the scientific phases of this development; articles of practical helpfulness to the radio novice and amateur who builds, installs and maintains his own apparatus. Items may range from single paragraphs to 6,000 words in length. We are in the market for photographs of radio installations, equipment, and applications. These photographs should contain figures. We pay an average price of two cents a word for articles upon acceptance and an average price of three dollars for photographs."

QST, Hartford, Conn., Kenneth B. Warner, editor, is the official organ, published monthly, of the American Radio Relay League, an organization for

amateurs. It writes: "We are always glad to receive practical articles on the technical side of radio, especially as it refers to amateur work. Those articles of a highly technical nature involving complicated formulae and diagrams are not suitable to the needs of the league membership."

Radio Broadcast, Doubleday, Page and Co., Garden City, New York, Roy Mason, editor, writes: "Radio Broadcast is trying to gather all news in regard to radio, all technical improvements in radio equipment and all important tendencies which this new art and industry develops, and the public influence which it exercises."

Radio News, Experimenter Publishing Co., Inc., 233 Fulton Street, New York, N. Y., H. Gernsback, editor, writes: "We are always glad to receive well written, interesting technical articles, stories, and in fact everything on the subject of radio."

Radio World, 1493 Broadway, New York, N. Y., writes: "We are in no need for material just now. Keep us in mind some time within, say, two or three months from now."

Wireless Age, 326 Broadway, New York, N. Y., writes: "As Wireless Age is essentially a technical radio paper, articles should be more or less technical in nature and deal entirely with new developments of interest and not with past performances."

DAY BY DAY THROUGH THE CENTURIES

Compiled by Allen Neville, William R. Murphy, and William R. Kane

March 16

- 1332—Battle of Boroughbridge.
 - 1618—Richard Burbage died.
 - 1635—Jacques Boileau born.
 - 1750—Samuel S. Smith, founder of Hampden-Sidney College, born.
 - 1750—Caroline Lucretia Herschel born.
 - 1775—Jethro Wood, inventor of cast-iron plow, born.
 - 1751—James Madison born.
 - 1797—Gerritt Smith born.
 - 1802—West Point Military Academy founded.
 - 1830—Samuel A. Green born.
 - 1838—Nath. Bowditch died.
 - 1840—John A. Howell, inventor of submarine torpedo, born.
 - 1860—Camille Jullien born.
 - 1865—Battle of Averysboro, N. C.
 - 1883—Karl Marx died.
 - 1889—U. S. Warships Trenton, Vandalia, and Nipsic, and German ships Adler and Weber wrecked on Samoan Island; 147 lost.
 - 1912—British steamer Oceana sunk in collision in British Channel; 15 lost.
 - 1914—Slaying of Gaston Calmett, editor of Paris Figaro, by wife of Finance Minister Caillaux causes national sensation.
- "Every age has its pleasures, its style of wit, and its own ways."—Boileau, Art of Poetry.

March 17

St. Patrick's Day

- 1570—William, Earl of Pembroke, died.
 - 1578—Francesco Albano born.
 - 1640—Philip Massinger died.
 - 1715—Bishop Gilbert Burnet died.
 - 1754—Mme. Roland born.
 - 1776—British evacuated Boston.
 - 1777—Roger B. Taney born.
 - 1780—Dr. Thomas Chalmers born.
 - 1796—Peter Lorillard born.
 - 1805—William A. Stearns born.
 - 1832—Moncure D. Conway born.
 - 1846—Kate Greenaway born.
 - 1848—Clara Morris born.
 - 1849—Charles F. Brush, inventor of arc-lamp, born.
 - 1860—Anna Jameson died.
 - 1864—Gen. Grant assumes command of all the armies of the United States.
 - 1891—Steamer Utophi, Anchor Line, sunk by collision off Gibraltar; 574 lost.
 - 1899—Windsor Hotel fire, New York; 45 lives lost.
- "To those who see only with their eyes, the distant is always indistinct and little, becoming less and less as it recedes, till utterly lost."—Mrs. Jameson.

March 18

- 1635—Bishop Patrick Forbes died.
- 1640—Philip de Lehire born.
- 1718—Inoculation in England.
- 1745—Sir Robert Walpole died.
- 1768—Laurence Sterne died.
- 1782—John C. Calhoun born.
- 1785—James H. Matthews born.
- 1800—Gerard Hallock born.
- 1800—Francis Lieber born.

Editor's Note: Publication of a series on timely writing, "The Writer's Calendar," and this list of notable dates was begun in The Editor for August 5th, 1922.

- 1810—Samuel Hunt born.
 1827—Grover Cleveland born.
 1913—King George of Greece assassinated.
 1918—British steamer Batiscan lost off Nova Scotia; 41 lost.
 1921—Steamer Hongkong struck rock near Swatow, China; 1,000 lost.

"I pity the man who can travel from Dan to Beer-sheba and cry, 'Tis all barren.'"—Sterne.

March 19

St. Joseph's Day

- 1628—Massachusetts founded.
 1639—John Winthrop born.
 1687—La Salle assassinated.
 1748—Elias Hicks born.
 1776—John M. Mason born.
 1790—Alexander E. Everett born.
 1813—David Livingston born.
 1817—Scott Green, pisciculturist, born.
 1820—Sir Joseph Banks died.
 1830—Herbert A. Newton, authority on meteors, born.
 1840—John William Daniell died.
 1845—Moorfield Storey born.
 1850—Alice French (Octave Thane) born.
 1855—David P. Todd born.
 1860—Wm. J. Bryan born.
 1865—Battle of Bentonville, N. C.
 1898—Oregon started on trip around the Horn.
 1913—Crown Prince Constantine proclaimed King of Greece.
 1914—Steam launch run down by torpedo boat near Venice, Italy; 50 lost.
 1914—Amendment for woman suffrage defeated in Senate.
 1920—U. S. Senate for the second time defeated the German treaty.

"Egad, I think the interpreter is the hardest to be understood of the two."—Sheridan.

March 20

- 43 B. C.—Ovid born.
 1087—Saint Guthbert died.
 1756—Gilbert West died.
 1777—Sir Isaac Newton died.
 1804—Neal Low born.
 1810—John McCloskey, first American Cardinal, born.
 1815—Napoleon resumed command of the French army at Fontainebleau.
 1828—Hendrik Ibsen born.
 1834—Charles W. Eliot born.
 1834—Charles William Eliot born.
 1835—H. D. Egglis (Derwent Conway) born.
 1835—John G. Walker born.
 1840—Everett P. Wheeler born.
 1845—Lucy M. W. Mitchell, first woman archaeologist, born.
 1865—Stoneman's raid of Virginia commenced.
 1902—T. E. Palma inaugurated first president of Cuba.

"The love of fame usually spins on the mind."

—Ovid.

March 21

First Day of Spring

- 1550—Archbishop Cranmer buried.
 1663—Charlotte Tremouille, defender of Isle of Man, died.
 1886—John Sebastian Koch born.
 1735—Henry Riecke White born.
 1793—David B. Douglass born.

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I enclose \$110 in full payment for the course and your tuition, or

I enclose \$20 as an initial payment and agree to pay \$10 each month thereafter until I have paid \$120.00.

- 1791—Bank of New York incorporated.
 1804—Duc d' Enghien shot.
 1843—Robert Southey died.
 1843—LaMotte Fouque died.
 1825—Fitzedward Hall born.
 1826—Thomas Meehan born.
 1863—Battle of Somerset, Ky.
 1864—Nevada admitted.
 1871—Meeting of first German Reichstag.
 1912—Passenger steamer Cachepol sunk off coast of Peru; 80 lost.
 1913—President Manuel Bonilla died; succeeded by Vice-President Francisco Bertrand.
 1914—Gen. Villa attacks Torreon.
 1918—Battle of the Somme. (March 21 to April 6.)
 "Mind is the great lever of all things; human thought is the progress by which human ends are alternately answered."—Webster.

March 22

- 1599—Sir Anthony Van Dyck born.
 1622—Massacre in Virginia.
 1687—Jean Baptiste Lully died.
 1758—Jonathan Edwards born.
 1763—Stamp Act became a law.
 1802—Christopher R. Robert, founder of Robert College, Constantinople, born.
 1814—Thomas Crawford born.
 1815—Braxton Bragg born.
 1820—Decatur-Barron duel.
 1822—Rosa Bonheur born.
 1832—Goethe died.
 1834—W. T. Nicholson, inventor of file-cutting machinery, born.
 1845—John B. Tabb born.
 1860—Rev. David Williams died.
 1865—Wilson's raid from Chickasaw, Ala., to Macon, Ga., began.
 1907—Russians evacuate Manchuria.
 1915—Peremysl surrendered.

"Every author, in some degree, portrays himself in his works, even if it be against his will."—Goethe.

March 23

- 1621—John Carver died.
 1699—John Bartram, first American botanist, born.
 1782—William Smith, "father of British geology" born.
 1790—Franklin petitioned Congress to abolish slavery, his last public act.
 1805—George Keim born.
 1815—Ezekiel G. Robinson born.
 1819—Augustus Frederick Ketzehue assassinated.
 1821—Carl Maria von Weber died.
 1829—George Crompton, inventor of loom which revolutionized cotton industry, born.
 1837—Richard A. Proctor born.
 1849—Charles G. Perkins, inventor of ratchet switch, born.
 1854—Treaty with Japan.
 1862—Battle of Winchester.
 1865—Madison J. Cawein born.
 1865—Paul Leicester Ford born.
 1885—Riel insurrection, Manitoba.
 1901—Aguinaldo captured by General Funston.
 1908—Japanese steamer Mutsu Maru sunk in collision near Makodate; 300 lost.
 1914—Japanese Emperor prorogues Diet because of deadlock on naval appropriation bill.
 1918—Paris bombarded by long range guns from distance of 75 miles.

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Will H. Greenfield writes:

Harry Stephen Keeler, editor The Chicago Ledger, recommends stories unavailable for that publication to 10-Story Book (of which he also is editor?) when by virtue of their themes they seem suitable for the latter. He uses a printed special enclosure slip to convey the suggestion to the writer.

Jean Barker is the new editor of True Story Magazine, 119 West 40th Street, New York, N. Y., succeeding the ever-courteous and capable John Brennan, than whom there is none more cordial to the writer.

W. H. Fawcett, editor Whiz Bang, is excellent pay and prompt with his decisions, but just at this time is terribly overloaded.

J. B. Kennedy, editor Columbia, New Haven, Conn., regrets that present limitations of space prevent his making use of short fiction.

Myron Zobel, editor Screenland, is a real friend of the writer and his letters of criticism have no little value. His requirements are stories of 1,500 to 2,000 words (not over) that cloak a real human story in which something happens.

Better Health, Elmhurst, Ill., can use baseball stories, but does not care for stories of boxing.

Elizabeth Sharp, editor I Confess, New York, N. Y., does not want "confessions" in which the plot is lacking in episode, and drama and character too unsympathetic. She tells me her readers desire plenty of action.

C. C. Crummett, editor The American Mutual Magazine, Boston, pays \$1.50 for jokes on acceptance, and is always interested in material that might appeal to the largest business executives in the country.

Miss B. L. Tannenbaum, International Feature Service, New York, N. Y., is still in the market for short fiction with definite plot and ninety per cent. action. Length from 900 to 1,200 words.

C. S. McC. writes:

Home Friend, Kansas City, Mo., Religious Telescope, Dayton, Ohio, and Elks' Magazine, New York, N. Y., are very fine indeed to deal with.

Letters sent to Lyric West, 1139 West 27th Street, New York, N. Y., are returned marked "Not found."

Editor's Note: The Lyric West is in Los Angeles, Calif., at the street address given.

E. C. writes:

Who can tell me any markets for "Embarrassing Moments" and "Bright Sayings of Children"? I have sold little tales of this kind to The Chicago Tribune, The Minneapolis Journal, The New York Daily News, The Chicago Herald, and The Minneapolis Journal.



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THE EDITOR, Highland Falls, N. Y.

J. T. R. writes:

I will be grateful if The Editor will publish in an early issue a complete and up-to-date list of ex-service men's publications, including the names of the editors and organizations publishing them, addresses, editorial needs, and rates of payment, if any. A good many of the early ex-service publications flared up and died down again, but a few substantial ones remain and new ones are being established. I am sure there are many other ex-soldier writers who will appreciate this information, as well as myself.

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THE EDITOR

The Journal of Information for Literary Workers
A Weekly Service for Authors

VOL. 60

Book Hill, Highland Falls, N. Y.

NO. 1

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Weekly

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THE LITERARY MARKET

There is a place somewhere for every good Manuscript.—THE EDITOR

In this department THE EDITOR publishes each week news of the literary market that interests and aids writers with manuscripts for sale. Whenever possible statements are taken exactly from letters received from the editors of the publications concerned.

The American Magazine, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y., offers a first prize of \$20, a second of \$15, and a third of \$5 for the best letters of not more than 400 words each on: "The Most Wonderful Dog I Have Ever Known." "What were the characteristics or qualities of the dog that impressed you so greatly? How did he show his wisdom, or devotion, or powers of perception? Tell us all about it, letting your narrative take the form of definite anecdotes." The competition closes January 20th. Address: Contest Editor, The American Magazine, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y. Unavailable contributions will not be returned. Manuscripts, inquiries or letters not connected with the competition must be sent under separate cover addressed simply to the editor of The American Magazine.

Andrew Melrose, British book publisher, of London, England, offers a prize of two hundred and fifty pounds (about \$1,000) for the best novel submitted before May 30th, 1923. The competition is open to all authors. All manuscripts must be in English, and must never have appeared publicly in any form whatsoever in any part of the world. All manuscripts must be typewritten. Novels written in collaboration are admitted. Translations from foreign languages are not eligible. Manuscripts must be book length, that is, from 90,000 to 150,000 words each. Other details of the competition are complicated. For this reason interested authors are referred to A. M. Heath & Company, Ltd., 7 Golden House, Great Pulteney Street, London, W. 1, England, for a complete description of the details of the competition and necessary entry blanks. Mention The Editor Magazine when writing to A. M. Heath & Company.

The Evening Post, 20 Vesey Street, New York, N. Y., offers monthly prizes of \$15, \$10, and \$5 for the best photographs submitted in its Winter Camera Contest. In addition to the monthly prizes, final prizes for the best photographs submitted during the entire competition, up to February 1st, will be awarded. The first final prize will be \$25, the second \$15, and the third \$10.00. The competition is open to photographs of winter scenes, in either soft or glossy finish. Unmounted prints are easier to handle. Prints will be returned if postage is included. The competition closes finally on February 15th. Photographs should be addressed to The Winter Camera Contest, The Rotogravure Section, The Evening Post, 20 Vesey Street, New York, N. Y.

The Scholastic, Bessemer Building, Pittsburgh, Pa., "a magazine for high school students," M. R. Robinson writes: "Will you please announce in The Editor that at the present time we are overstocked with short stories. We are, however, still in the market for a few articles about boys and girls in high school who are doing unusual or worth-while things; this does not mean that we want stories of prodigies. We are also always interested in ideas for high school students to use to make meetings

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Can you imagine Boccaccio, after toiling through a text-book on fiction technique, or a series of lessons in the study of short story writing, rising from that mind-deadening work to write the story of "Patient Griselda"?

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I enclose \$110 in full payment for the course and your tuition, or

I enclose \$20 as an initial payment, and agree to pay \$10 each month thereafter until I have paid \$120.00.

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of their various clubs and organizations more interesting. Articles for The Scholastic should always be short to receive consideration."

Roswick-Murray Enterprises, 211 Center Avenue, Sturgis, Mich., are no longer in the market for manuscripts of any kind.

The **Chicago Tribune**, Chicago, Ill., is in need of thrilling short stories of 1,000 to 1,400 words each for its Coloroto Magazine section. Address manuscripts to Coloroto Magazine Section, Chicago Tribune, Chicago, Ill.

How To Make Money, 24 Jackson Avenue, Long Island City, N. Y., will appear for the first time in March, 1923. It will be a monthly magazine of money making ideas and opportunities for everybody. It will use practical material applicable to today's problems. It will feature plain directions that tell how and what and when and where to start work to build up profitable, independent businesses. It will offer a first prize of \$25, five prizes of \$10 each, and 20 prizes of \$1 each for the facts of the best money making opportunities in the business world today that are open to men and women of small means, people with \$500 or less who are ambitious to establish businesses of their own. Stories must be newsy and interesting. The story of the plan must be told intelligently with figures of cost and all details. Exact names of persons, places or products should be mentioned and if possible a photo of the person concerned should be included. No manuscript will be returned. One competitor may submit as many articles as desired.

The **Pasadena Center of the Drama League of America**, Pasadena, Calif., offers \$100 for a full evening performance, and \$50 for the best one-act play submitted in a competition open to residents of Washington, Oregon, California, Arizona, New Mexico, Idaho, Nevada, Colorado, and Utah. The competition closes February 1st, 1923. The details of the competition are complicated so that authors should write to Mrs. G. M. Fuller, 499 Ellis Street, Pasadena, Calif., for complete information. The Pasadena Center also offers a prize of \$50 for the best children's play, submitted before February 1st, 1923. Mrs. G. M. Fuller will send information in regard to this competition.

Max Spiegel, theatrical producer, 1579 Broadway, New York, N. Y., is subject of a petition in bankruptcy recently filed against him. The liabilities are said to be \$1,000,000, and assets about \$300,000.

Harry Von Tilzer Music Publishing Company, 1658 Broadway, New York, N. Y.: E. Claude Mills has been appointed receiver in bankruptcy.

The **United States Civil Service Commission**, Washington, D. C., announces an open competitive examination to fill vacancies as Library Assistant and Library Aid, in the departmental service of the government at Washington, D. C. Entrance salaries range from \$900 to \$1,400, with additions of \$20 a month, provided out of an emergency fund by Congress. The examinations will be open to both men and women. Full information and application blanks may be obtained from the United States Civil Service Commission, Washington, D. C., or secretaries of the boards of U. S. civil service examiners at post offices or custom houses in any city.

(Continued on Page VI.)

Wilson Collison

Noted American Playwright, and the author of the famous Broadway successes:

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Manuscript Preparation—Prices on Request. R. L. Arnold, 347 Maplewood Avenue, Rochester, N. Y.

I Specialize in Typing Authors' Manuscripts neatly and accurately at low rates; write for terms. E. Attinelli, 445 East 146th St., New York City.

Authors: Poems, Fiction and Short Story Manuscripts of Amateur and Professional Writers neatly typed. Write for terms. Wm. O. Wheeler, Manuscript Service, 1105 Arthur Ave., Des Moines, Iowa.

40c 1000 words for typing your manuscripts. Neat, accurate work. Write for sample of work. G. L. Dodge, 17 Summit St., Lowell, Mass.

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Typist will do typing promptly and accurately. 50c per 1,000 words, including copy. B. Moore, 301a Monroe Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Authors' Manuscripts Typed. Sympathetic attention, even to small Mss. Clean copy, proper technical form. Write for terms. Mrs. H. V. Franklin, Register, Ga.

Manuscripts Typed—neat, accurate, correct technical form—50 cents per 1000 words. Poems 2 cents a line. The Bonham Authors' Service, 3257 N. Illinois St., Indianapolis, Ind.

Writers! Type your works for the "eagle" eye of the Editor. Satisfaction guaranteed. Write for rates. Sara A. Davis, Authors' Agent, 1240 Edgewood Ave., Macon, Ga.

Authors—let me type your manuscripts; satisfaction guaranteed. The Authors Typing Service, Oakdale, Mass.

Manuscripts typed. 50c per thousand words; carbon. Wil-Bar Service, Box 266, Newark, New York.

Wanted—Authors' manuscripts and other matter to copy. Same neatly typewritten. Write for terms. Quinton J. Crater, 209 So. 6th St., Wilmington, N. C.

Do you want your Manuscript to go over? We know how to type it in proper form for ye editor's eye. 45c 1000 words—one carbon. Miss Mayne, 1280 Lincoln Road, Columbus, Ohio.

Beautifully typed manuscripts. Fifty cents a thousand words. "As editors want 'em." Mabel Stiles, 17 Sanford St., Muskegon, Mich.

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We Solicit Your Patronage. Typing, 50c per 1000 words. With revising, 75c per 1000 words. Poems, 2c per line. Neat, accurate, prompt. One carbon copy. Authors' Typorium, 16 Prospect St., Elizabeth, N. J.

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Stories, poems, photoplays, carefully revised and typewritten in required form for publishers' acceptance. Prompt service. Write for terms. Harold L. Kerr, 701 St. Mark's Place, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Authors' Manuscripts typed and grammatically revised. Address Evelyn L. Kelso, 273 Third Street, Albany, N. Y.

Printing

Kraftpaper Manuscript Envelopes, outgoing and return, 100 of each size, \$3.00. E. Hammer, 1140 Fairmount Avenue, Philadelphia, Pa.

Manuscript Typing and Preparation

Manuscript Copying & Preparation Bureau, Route 5, Box 108, Hattiesburg, Mississippi. Short stories, Poems, Novels and Photoplays typed. Copying, revising and correcting manuscripts a specialty. Highest class work at lowest rates. Write for terms.

Authors' Aids

"Greetings, How to Write and Sell." Get this book. 'Twill pay you well. Has the List of Those who Buy. And Companies you'd best not try. Greeting Card game told in 4,000 words, with most complete Market List published—\$1.00. B. J. & R. N. Stannard, 329 Bainbridge Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Try This! Send your Story-Idea. I suggest plot, incidents, characters, title, markets—complete working synopsis. Enclose Two Dollars with each Story-Idea. Also stories criticised, revised. Five cents each 100 words. George B. Potter, 222 No. Beacon St., Hartford, Conn.

Magazines

The Cauldron, The Booklover's Magazine, P. O. Box 171, New Haven, Conn. Writers and lovers of the very short unusual short-story will be pleased with this new magazine. Send 20c for a sample copy.

CONTEMPORARY WRITERS AND THEIR WORK

A Series of Autobiographical Letters on the Genesis, Conception, Development, and Writing of Short Stories, Poems, and Articles Published in Current Periodicals

ADVENTURES IN NOVEL WRITING

By Gladys E. Johnson

To talk "shop" to other writers, gravely to exchange ideas on padding or cutting a story, always makes me feel as if I were attending a mothers' meeting. "Little Mary was so under-weight, I just had to write in three thousand words into chapter four and add some local color on page one hundred and one and you'd never dream the way that child has picked up! It wouldn't surprise me at all if some editor didn't take a fancy to her some day!"

I am going to repeat—I think it was Jane Austin's famous remark—and say that writing is a great deal like flirting. If you don't know how to do it, nobody can tell you how, and if you do, no one can keep you from it. Short story classes and literary societies can perhaps teach you tricks of the trade and benefit you as honest criticism always will, but your methods of work will always be up to yourself. Each has his own pet way of "seeing" a story. One man whom I know gets a running start on the typewriter with some gripping scene, writes madly for five or six pages and then comes to the surface and figures out where he is headed through the smoke of a cigarette. Others work logically, building bit by bit, painstakingly smoothing off the rough edges as they go along.

For my part, I see all my stories as pictures. I sometimes think this is because I was expected to become an artist—until I became a writer. I was to attend the Hopkins School of Art and come out a full fledged—more or less—artist. This was the program arranged for me ever since I had been big enough to hold a pencil in my fingers and draw beautiful ladies with their feet going in different directions.

Before this beautiful arrangement of things could be put in motion the San Francisco earthquake occurred. I was suddenly taken from a sheltered, almost cloistered existence and plunged into an oddly unappreciative and unenthusiastic business world, at an age which would cause old ladies with

strict ideas on the raising of children to lift their hands in holy horror.

It was excellent training for future writing, when one needs all sorts of information and an open minded view of life. I became acquainted with a telephone switchboard, with a typewriter, with the trials of a sales-girl in an "exclusive shop," with a real estate office, and finally with a newspaper career. This sounds as if I must have been in my late nineties at the least when I had run the gauntlet, but this experience was crowded into a remarkably short space of time. I can't claim to have been a howling success at anything except perhaps the switchboard work. As a self-taught stenographer—well, now I know why some real estate men have gray hair. It was my spelling.

The newspaper work rounded the circle. I remembered my neglected ambition to be an artist and I went the rounds of the San Francisco newspapers asking for a position. One distracted editor I found who had to have someone immediately to fill a vacated position. He didn't want an artist, but did I think I could give advice to the lovesick readers who presented their heart troubles to that newspaper for solving? For steady work I was willing to give advice to the Angel Gabriel and I told the editor so. I sometimes wonder—nights when I can't sleep—what was the outcome of some of that advice I so glibly gave. I hope it wasn't fatal.

On the paper I found luck was with me. I began to rise. I became the official sob sister; I rose to be editor of the woman's page, I rose to the dizzy heights of a feature writer and wrote a long fiction serial and on the strength of that I continued to rise through the ceiling and landed in the magazines.

My first story sold two months after I left the paper. It was only fifteen hundred words in length, but Lordy, Lordy, no check for a book-length has ever looked as big as that first fifteen dollars. I was fortunate enough to hit a professional stride almost

immediately. For nearly two years I sold a novelette a month with short stories strewn in between. These were followed by a couple of book lengths, "Wind Along the Waste," a mystery story which appeared serially in Blue Book, and was later put out in book form by the Century Company; and "Moon Country," which is running serially at present in Sunset Magazine and is slated for book publication in the spring. Several of these novelettes and shorts of mine have sold film rights—which, as all writers know, is perhaps the most remunerative phase of the work. Ethel Clayton, Taylor Holmes, Al Ray and Ruth Clifford, Shirley Mason and Frank Mayo are among the stars who have appeared in films adapted from my stories.

"Moon Country" is the latest work of mine—with the exception of some short stories—which is appearing in print. Several editor's readers have praised the "atmosphere" of this tale, but I wonder often if I deserve any praise for making this an atmospheric story. While the story was being written my efforts were confined, not to bringing the atmosphere in, but to keeping it out. I have never written anything which insisted on having so much weather in it. The fog was constantly coming up and creeping through the story until I had to fight to keep it from obscuring the action. Wind and sun and storm and calm forced their way into the story and above all, the setting, in the sand dunes of the coast south of San Francisco, grew into a very definite personality and was constantly fighting the human characters for the center of the stage. I think the imprint of the dunes was left on this story because so much of it was thought out during long solitary walks over the foggy dunes I describe.

A story to me is always the deliberate growth of some precise location. I always have to "feel" the setting before I get the story. After a story is begun there is a lot of hard, mechanical work, a smoothing down of rough edges, dramatic episodes to be thought up and scattered at intervals throughout the book, suspense to be injected, but in the beginning there is one wonderful moment of elation—I refuse to call it inspiration, that poor abused word!—when the picture begins to take color against its background and your fingers itch for the type-writer keys.

"Moon Country" came in a series of pictures. Joan and Quentin came to life in the

firelight of old Portuguese Maria's shack. That first chapter wrote itself. I wanted to keep it only a picture, an impression, for it could not be anything more and keep that fleeting, childish outlook. Here, though the country is foggy, it is not oppressive. I tried not to have it take that oppressive greyness which it assumes later on. That is because it is seen through the untroubled, alert minds of children. Children with healthy bodies do not mind the cold which causes an adult literally to curl up and turn blue; and children with healthy minds see nothing depressing in a lonely beach and shrouding fog and a buffeting wind. For them the beach is peopled with the thrilling characters of old Maria's story and the grey is lit by the golden light of their staunchly believed-in treasure. It is when they return in after years, Quentin, nerve-shattered and broken by war, and Joan, who had learned to cope with poverty and is oppressed by the strange manner of her aunt, that they feel the menace of the dunes.

I had to fight for the character of Riddle. I didn't "get" him spontaneously. He was deliberately created for a certain purpose in the story and he was as deliberately named. It took one whole morning to work him out and install him as a house-breaker in draughty "Sandcastle." But the others—Joan and Quentin and the sinister servant woman and Miss Pride—they sprang full grown like Minerva, particularly Joan, who insisted on having seal brown eyes and brown hair when I had every intention of making her a blond.

One of my pet little superstitions (though like everyone else I usually pride myself on not being superstitious) is never to change the name of a character once it is named. When I fight for a character—as I fought for Riddle—then it must be christened deliberately. But when a character suddenly stands before your eyes as a vivid and separate personality, it always comes labeled with its own name as Joan did, and Quentin, and above all, Ada Sterritt.

Why Ada Sterritt, heaven alone knows! I have nothing against either name that I should tack them to such a hateful character as the servant in "Moon Country." But the name came with the story and refused to be changed.

So much for the dressing of the story—the atmosphere and the peculiarities of the characters and the setting. That was easy

to get and a delight to work with. What I do not relish about this work of writing is assembling the bare bones of the plot. I don't like plots. The best of them are mechanical things; uninspiring skeletons when they are stripped of their gorgeous trappings of style and color and whimsy, and like all skeletons, bearing a tiresome family resemblance.

The layman thinks he likes plots. He doesn't realize that what holds him is the author's imagination coloring the scenes for him, opening vistas of beauty for him. Still, like skeletons, plots are necessary. They are needed to hold the most delicately tinted story upright.

"Wind Along the Waste," written just previous to "Moon Country," had, as its super-theme, a mysteriously locked room. It is anything but a new note but it plays on the sure fire strain of human curiosity. While it was running serially, I was besieged by curiosity-stung readers demanding madly to know what was behind that door. I might say here that in writing that story I didn't know what was behind that door until I was almost through with the book.

In "Moon Country" new problems arose. The story stretches from Spanish California to the year following the world war and the chronologies of the Pride and Lloyd families had to be figured out quite as though they were real personages.

I learned one thing in writing this which I will gladly pass along, hoping it will save some other writer much mental anguish. A story in which the plot centers about a particular piece of property should first be drawn on paper. By this, I mean that an au-

thor should draw the setting of his action, mark all four quarters of the globe plainly upon it and consult it frequently during the progress of the story.

You do not realize how differently you will see the same object at various times in your story. Joan's house, for instance. I never saw such a house for facing all four ways at once! It was only when Mr. Field, the editor of *Sunset Magazine*, kindly but firmly took hold of it and helped me bring it down to earth that we were able to reduce it to fronting in one direction. Mr. Field tells me that he very often draws maps when the position of some building or road in the stories he uses is in doubt. If these maps were drawn first of all by the authors, it would simplify the action in their own minds and keep patient editors' hair from turning grey.

Some stories are like good children, easy to handle. "Wind Along the Waste" unfolded with comparative ease. "Moon Country," richer in atmosphere and local color, was a fractious little devil, taking the bit in its teeth and bolting to ends undreamed of.

I'm always sorry when I end a long story. It is like saying good-bye forever to beloved and interesting friends. I sighed when I ended "Moon Country." I might have saved myself the trouble. After the magazine version was sold, the duplicate manuscript which had been sent to an eastern book publishing house was back with a request that I add fifteen thousand words more to the early chapters. I almost doubt that the tale is truly finished now. I expect to wake some morning and find it, like Poe's raven, perched above my chamber door, "Evermore."

A RECORD OF WONDERFUL EXPERIENCE

By Izola Forrester

I have so long enjoyed and profited by the practical advice given to writers in *The Editor*, and the big spirit of mutual help behind it, that I'm glad of the chance for a personal chat over my own work.

My first published story was in the *Boston Globe* when I was a little girl of ten. I wrote it and sent it to the editor with a letter. The result was he used it about six weeks later as a daily short story with a note at the bottom for which I cordially disliked him, exposing my age and the fact that this was my first. I was not paid for it, but caught first prize of five dollars in gold the next summer

with a vacation story for the *New York World*, so I felt fairly well launched.

My first real work was done in Chicago, where my father, George Forrester, was an editor on the *Tribune*. I wrote children's stories, reviews of juvenile books, and stories of the town for the Sunday papers from the time I was fifteen, and was paid space rate, \$7 a column.

One day father came home and said an old friend of his, Alfred B. Tozer, was editor of the *Chicago Ledger*, a faithful fireside paper of the old time variety. They needed serials. I was sitting at the kitchen table doing

some French exercises, just before dinner, and wrote the first line of my first serial in pencil on a pad of pink paper:

"Beije, you are lovely, adorably lovely."

I had a girl friend from Brazil named Beije, Portuguese for a kiss, and it seemed suitable. I sold the serial to the Ledger in due time for forty dollars, about a quarter of a cent a word, and followed it up with two more. The titles thrill me even now: "The Quadroon's Crime, or The Mystery of the Secret Crypt," and "Wooing His Wife, or The Shadow of Another's Sin," and "Iva of Ivadene."

I had been writing girl serials also for The Living Church, and when I was nineteen, the first of these appeared in book form, published by George W. Jacobs & Co., of Philadelphia. It was "The Girls of Bonnie Castle." I wish I were able to convey the great value to a young writer of having behind one a publisher of Mr. Jacobs' type. Altogether, he has brought out ten of my juvenile books, but all the way along up the years, his advice and helpful experience have been of the greatest benefit to me.

I came to New York nineteen years ago, and went on the staff of the World, doing Sunday special articles. Kate Carew had just married Haddon Chambers and gone to England. I took her place, and found myself facing a series of Nellie Bly personal experience stories. It would take too long even to recall a few of the big murder cases, Ellis Island stories, and all manner of East Side-West Side heart interest cases that fell to me in those days, besides interviews with famous people. I am sure my newspaper work gave me the best equipment I could have had for fiction writing. Even the story in the December Ainslee's, "The Woman of the Moment," is a development of a case back in the newspaper days, when it looked as if one of our best known society men was to be accused of murder. His wife stood by him, while she frankly told me she believed him to be guilty, but the missing girl turned up at a summer resort where she had eloped with a chauffeur.

This Ainslee's story is the first of a series

that I am doing for them, all stories of married life. When I was seventeen, Vivian Moses, then editor, accepted a short story from me, "The Child Wonder," and later a novelette. One of the happiest results of the writing game is the old loyalties and affection you have for those who first took your work. I just had a serial accepted by Miss Mary King of the Chicago Tribune, and became frightfully sentimental over it, remembering coasting all over Chicago in my 'teens after stories for grand old editors, Van Benthuysen and Bertrand of the Tribune, "Bill" Taylor of the Herald, and Trumbull White, Chamberlain of the News, George R. Peck of the Journal—there must be many writers left who recall these men with deep appreciation.

Six years ago I left newspaper and magazine work to go in for motion picture writing with my husband, Mann Page. It was like starting in all over again, learning a new technique in writing, but I found I had an endless well of story experience to draw from for plots after years in the newspaper field, and also, the scenario writing helped my fiction, taught me carefulness of plot development and dramatic suspense.

Frankly, I haven't any special recipe for turning out successful, salable stuff except everlastingly keeping at it, keeping one's mind and ears and eyes wide open, and in touch with the spirit of the times and the moods of humanity. When I first wrote for the World, Paul West, editor of the Metropolitan Section then, gave me a bit of advice, "Keep next to the itness of things." It covers considerable territory. I have always been wary and somewhat suspicious of personal opinions entombed in words. Life is so variable, so vivid and mighty in its complexities, that a writer must approach it with humility and no prejudices. After all, we see a picture in words, a situation that grips our imagination with its realism and lesson, its motif. If we are able to capture it, to present it to others so that they may see also, isn't this the best we can do? The greatest stories are always the simplest.

THE MYSTERY OF MANUSCRIPTS

By Helen Rand

Nothing mysterious really happens to submitted manuscripts. They are treated, I fancy, much as is an order for flower seeds sent to Montgomery Ward's. I really do not

know anything about the system of the great Chicago house but I have visited twenty-two magazine editors in New York, Boston, and Springfield, and I have asked all of them what they do with manuscripts. That seemed a key question to their attitude and method.

I found, first of all, that manuscripts are treated with efficient thoughtfulness. My idea had always been that some careless, unenlightened person opened the mail and sent back a good deal. What passed through this first desk went to some temperamental person who sent back part of what he received with a rejection slip of the second rank from the lowest. In this way a story went up stairs, as it were, and got a different kind of note for each step it survived. The question was, how many steps toward acceptance had my miserable stories ascended. My conception of the thing was ridiculous. In nearly all cases there is only one ready made printed slip and always there is interested attention to all manuscripts.

The procedure after manuscripts arrive in the offices interested me. The systems are similar and yet they differ rather widely. The most complicated system is something like this: At the first desk each manuscript is put into a large envelope on the outside of which are blanks to be filled in. There are spaces for information such as author's name and address, title of manuscript, nature of manuscript (i. e., article, verse, fiction), date returned or accepted, price paid, read by, comments. In some places the comments are not made upon this envelope but upon different colored slips of paper; each reader has his own color. Some offices file these envelopes either permanently or temporarily; others transfer the information to cards which are easier to file.

A simpler method is that of clipping a piece of paper to the manuscript as it comes in upon which the editors may write their convictions. Returned manuscripts, alas, often show the traces of these clips.

The simplest method, and it seems to me the best, is to stamp and mark the very envelope in which the manuscript arrives. Under such a method the envelopes would hardly be convenient to file and the letters which accompany the manuscript or a dummy made for the purpose is filed. The Atlantic Monthly system, in my opinion, is the best illustration of this method. It is complete and simple. In fact, it is not a system but

intelligence applied to the particular need. My own guess would be that the offices which have the fewest manuscripts have the most complicated systems and that those offices which receive the most mail handle it the best.

Even the free born inspirations of temperamental souls are subjected to filing systems. How then should manuscripts be sent in? There is no form which only the initiate can imitate. So many people have told me they would like to submit stories but did not know how. If the name and address is on the first page, it makes the thing simpler at offices where the envelope is thrown away. Where the envelope is the badge for inscriptions, it might help to have the name and address there, too. But these things do not matter much. Two or three editors told me they like to have the story begin at least two-thirds of the way down the first page so that there will be room for instructions to the printers. Of course double spacing and wide margins not only add to the appearance and the ease with which the story may be read, but allow for corrections, which is an important thing. In most cases the original manuscript goes to the printer.

Should an author send a letter with his manuscript? It seems like a simple question but I have been asked it so many times that I asked several of the editors about it. They all agreed that they like letters. I had always felt that my manuscripts could speak for themselves; if not, let them be dumb. There is nothing to say anyway which would not sound silly. However, when I opened editorial mail and there was no letter, I felt as though the manuscript were thrown at me. Perhaps editors feel that way; they like to have the contributions presented in person. Often editors like to know just how much truth or fiction they are getting, and how the author happens to know so much about the subject.

Speaking of letters, it is really sort of pathetic how much editors do like them. They have showed me letters a year old from some lady in Arizona who explained why she let her subscription run out and found she had to renew it. Poor editors, they sit in offices and deal with typed and typewritten pages: they like something which is personal and for them. Their attitude set me to wondering why more people do not write letters to them and so I began to ask every editor I saw, "You like to have people write

to you what they think, don't you?" "Oh, yes," they all said.

One of the editors of *The Atlantic* wrote to me, "I once heard the chief merit of an influential man described as 'one divinely inspired to take suggestions.' Perhaps this is the chief virtue of a efficient editor. Leastwise our sense of gratitude for ideas is keen and friendly." I think other editors would feel the same way. One of the editors of *The Rural New Yorker* told me that the policy and information in his paper is determined largely by the questions and suggestions that come to his desk. Of course in his position he gets a great many constructive ones. A destructive letter affects an editor as it would any other sensitive person. I really think it is the duty of people to make suggestions which will help their magazines.

What does a rejection slip mean? It does not mean anything: that is the sad part about it. It may mean that at the first glance the manuscript proved hopeless, but a manuscript may pass through all hands and still go back without recognition.

Some of the little tricks authors attempt are silly. They paste two pages together in the middle of the manuscript; they turn a page upside down; they put a letter in the middle of the story; they fold a page in a peculiar way so that the editor will have to unfold it if he reads it through. In some offices the girl who opens the mail goes through every page to iron out these wrinkles before the manuscript goes to the editor. They tell a story in some offices of a man who caught an editor by one of these tricks and wrote him a letter of accusation. The editor replied, "It is not necessary to eat all of an egg to know that it is not good."

Do editors really read manuscripts? I am often asked. That is not a fair question. For one thing, some manuscripts are so poorly written that it would be absolutely impossible to read them. Editors naturally have or acquire a skill in judging manuscripts. They are anxious for good stories. They count it a great occasion when they find something really good. They are willing to go through hundreds of poor and mediocre contributions in hope that they will find a germ of genius.

They say that they are all on the look-out for new writers. The prevalent idea that they want only stories by already famous writers is mistaken, I find. One of the editors of *The Delineator* said to me that she

wanted good stories from any person; the great trouble is to find something with a real idea in it, something with distinction. "When we can't get anything else," she said, "we try to give our readers the name of some favorite so that they will have that at least."

There is probably no advantage in having a special means of entrance, such as knowing a friend of one of the editors. A friend, I suppose, might receive a letter out of courtesy rather than a printed slip but it would not really mean anything more. There is a definite method by which manuscripts are accepted or rejected, and editors think of their readers, not of the authors, when they decide. To keep up the standard or the circulation, or both, is the question.

The rejection slips of many magazines state that it is impossible to give criticisms and still writers constantly ask for them. One man wrote, "Frankly, I shall not be offended at any criticism you may make if you do not see your way clear to buy my story." There is not time nor strength in an editorial office to criticise, and, what is more to the point. I think, the criticism would not be valuable if it were given. I am of the opinion that editors are not critics, though they probably think they are. In place of the critic's analysis they have convictions. They simply know or feel whether they want a thing or do not. The intrinsic value of the thing is quite another matter.

The editor of *Life* crystalized this idea for me. I asked if he thought the pathetic pictures of children going to work and of suffering animals are funny, and if not, why he publishes them.

"They present our policy in a satiric manner," he said. "We deal with subjects about which we have convictions in a humorous or satiric manner. Our policy is to present subjects that will help humanity."

"How do you know what will help humanity?" I said. "I have never been sure of that."

"Oh, I am sure; I am sure of everything," he said. "An editor has to be." That, I suppose, is what I have heard called "editorial sense."

When authors ask for criticism I wonder if they don't mean to ask how they can fix that particular manuscript so that the particular magazine will take it. Some editors talk about training promising writers in their special style; I have even heard that

they are putting special men on their staff to do that very thing. The magazines are so desperate for the kind of thing they want that they will make suggestions without asking if they think them profitable. They have editorial sense.

Editors seem inaccessible: we send them our souls and they send us printed slips. I have thought that if they would write us chatty letters and discuss our stories, we should feel so much happier. No, we should not. Some editors write more than others do because they are naturally friendly but I think it probably involves them too much. The shorter way is perhaps wiser. For instance, I sent an article on higher education to the editor of *Survey* and he sent it back with quite a long, friendly discussion of secondary education. I thought that he had missed a good article, but I should have realized that if I did not get my point across to

him, naturally I should fail when it came to inexperienced readers. My impulse was to send the article back to him with the true explanation. Then the poor man would have been embarrassed.

A friend of mine said she had a note from *The Atlantic* signed cautiously "The Editors," saying they had enjoyed her story but were returning it, the editor being away from the office. She waited and watched till the editor was back, sent it again, and received a sterner rejection. Another person had a letter from an editor saying he had enjoyed the story and was sorry he did not have space for it. That was polite and kindly put. The person waited for a while and then sent it back to see if space had become available! "What we are hoping for always," one of the editors of *The Outlook* said to me, "is the kind of story that we must use even before everything else we have on hand."

"SAID BY—WRITTEN BY"

Opinions and Quotations from Old and New Books and Periodicals

Constance Holme:

The Future of the Novel

The future of the novel is surely absolutely co-existent with the future of humanity, because it has become the supreme vehicle of expression on the part of humanity. It is just as difficult to prophesy about one as about the other. If the world continues to inquire into the why and wherefore of things, the novel will doubtless increase in numbers and scope in order both to voice and to answer that inquiry. If the demand for knowledge narrows down, the novel also will narrow down; but the former seems to me far more likely. All around we are restless brains, asking the reason of everything under the sun, and the novel happens to be the easiest and most alluring—if not necessarily the most reliable—method of dealing with human problems.

Growth of thought, expansion of education and experience all contribute to power of expression, the desire for which however unconscious, is always present in the human breast. If I could only say what I mean!—there is no cry more constant on the human lips. As more and more people become conscious of this desire and the power to satisfy it, more and more shall we have them break-off writing seems to be stifling the masses,

ing out into the printed word. And that printed word is likely to be the word of the novel, because, as I have said, it is the most human form of expression. It has the endless scope of humanity, its greatness and its pettiness, its drama and its serenity, its dark places and its soaring spiritualities. The novel will rise and fall with human nature because it is rooted in it. It is flesh of its flesh and bone of its bone, while at its best it becomes also the incarnate spirit of man, which lives on long after the flesh and bone of his generation have perished and gone.

We have also to remember that the novel is becoming more and more the recognized means of escape from the growing pressure of existence. Minds that think are only too apt to be also minds that are afraid, and that require a new heaven and a new earth either of their own creating or somebody else's. The immense demand of the class that once scarcely read for all novels of the "popular" order, is in itself a sign that the soul is stirring in its sleep. Asking for a drug, perhaps, that it may sleep again, or at the best, for a world of false delights in which it may lose its consciousness of unease; but still asking. And at countless points through the veil of sentimentality with which this class brighter spirits are lifting their little lamps

for a spark from the altars of the true literature.

Confidence, however, in the increased persistence of the novel does not necessarily presuppose confidence in its increased perfection. On the contrary, with both creation and demand coming in so many cases from raw, untrained minds, we are likely to have for some time a greater aggregate of inferior products. The novels will follow the trend of its time as the hand follows the glove, and that trend is not artistically upwards. The very qualities that will keep the novel alive—its scope and humanity—will militate against its artistic growth. Nevertheless, there will always be artists, even if they seem fewer in numbers than ever because of the greater mass of others around them. Always there will be lone souls urged by the thirst for perfection, willing to scorn delights and live laborious days.

At least we may hope that, after our terrible stirring with the spoon of war, we may perceive a greater sense of universality, that quality so conspicuous by its absence in the

novel of today. Surely it is time that the realist, intent on his "slice of life," and the idealist, intent on his slice of fairyland or heaven, should combine to open each other's eyes? The idealist has the sense of the universe the more strongly of the two, but unfortunately it is generally the wrong universe. The realist is so busy dissecting his slice of life that he forgets that body he has cut it out of. It is time that the novelist should look not only more distinctly at things as they are, but at a great many more of them. It is amazing from how many novels one receives the impression that their authors have never heard of the country or the sea, of any history whatsoever, and least of all of the innumerable forms of toil upon which mankind is engaged. The romance of work is one that writers neglect largely on the whole, in spite of the fact that to many men—and women—it stands for their whole lives. In the novel of the future it would be cheering to see a great consciousness of background as well as of the artistic value of toil.

THE WRITER'S CALENDAR

(January, 1923)

By David Ferris Kirby

Now is the time to begin preparation for writing articles for publication in August. Let's examine the calendar, and see what the best subjects are to begin work on now.

Of course, anniversaries of births and deaths of celebrated individuals form a convenient starting point for feature stories. Francis Scott Key, author of the words of "The Star Spangled Banner," was born in August. So were Tennyson, Herbert Hoover, Julia Marlow, Queen Wilhelmina of Holland and Oliver Wendell Holmes. The list may be extended to include Charles A. Dana, Felix Adler, Rear Admiral Evans, and Zona Gale. A sketch of the life of any of these, or the account of a little-known incident connected with any one of them, would probably meet with favor if submitted in time for inclusion in the August issues of magazines or newspapers. When it comes to people who have died in August, the same thing, of course, applies. Caruso, Andrew Carnegie, Florence Nightingale, and many others go to swell the necrology of the month.

Now, as to events which will occur in Au-

gust, other than those mentioned above: the twenty-eighth of that month will be the tenth anniversary of the dedication of the Peace Palace at the Hague. This is very though-provoking. Within the decade, what has taken place? The world knows, and knows too well. Isn't it like a prank of Fate to have the Greatest War, which also began in August, fought so soon after the dedication of that building? Another anniversary that will come around in August is that of the first long-distance telephone communication, done over a distance of eight miles. Truly, distance is relative, for I should like to imagine, in these days of trans-continental conversations, what "central" would think if we called for "long-distance"—or, as it is called in some parts of the country, "toll line"—to make a call of only eight miles. The topic is inexhaustible, and might very profitably be made the subject of a number of articles.

This surely is a wonderful country, as a friend of mine used to remark. I am going to mention two events that took place in Au-

gust, though not in the same year. The point I want to make is that in the city where one event happened, it was of vital importance and interest, while in the other city it probably did not receive a great deal of attention, and vice versa. But, to be specific: In New York, in August, 1853, there was a heat wave which killed two hundred people in one day. This was undoubtedly the subject of universal conversation in New York, and if they had had the same type of journalism then as exists today, the headlines would probably have screamed it out to heaven. The same day in San Francisco, although I do not have data as to the temperature that prevailed there, the inhabitants were probably not greatly concerned over the heat in New York. Now, to take the reverse, and show the other side of the question. In August, 1893, the first Chinaman was deported from San Francisco under the Geary Act. Although this event had great

potentialities for California, on account of the fact that that State has always had more or less trouble with the Orientals, I doubt if it even stirred up so much as a ripple on the surface of New York city's journalistic millpond. Write up the story of the Chinaman, and the events leading to his deportation, and you'll probably get it into a San Francisco paper, while the heat wave stuff will probably land your name on the front page of the magazine section of a New York Sunday paper, some time within the eighth month.

In August, most city people are vacationing, and have more time to read. Am I not right in saying that the big magazines publish "midsummer fiction numbers" to fill this time? While it may not be true that editors buy more stories in the Spring to fill their summer needs, still it is truly worth while to take the chance and submit your story at the psychological moment.

DAY BY DAY THROUGH THE CENTURIES

Compiled by Allen Neville, Willam R. Murphy, and William R. Kane

August 1

- 1779—Francis S. Key, author of "The Star Spangled Banner," born.
- 1798—Battle of the Nile.
- 1854—Yellow fever epidemic in New Orleans.
- 1876—Colorado admitted to the Union.
- 1894—Japan declared war on China.
- 1907—Winegrowers' disturbance in France.
- 1914—War declared on Russia by Germany.

August 2

- 1788—Gainsborough died.
- 1802—Bonaparte declared Consul of France.
- 1912—Monroe Doctrine extended to cover foreign corporations holding land on American continent.
- 1914—Germany invaded Luxembourg in attempt to reach France.

August 3

- 1492—Columbus sailed from Palos.
- 1848—Women's Rights Convention at Rochester.
- 1868—King Constantine of Greece born.
- 1872—Haakon, King of Norway, born.
- 1914—First test trip of an ocean going steamship in the Panama Canal made by the Cristobel.
- 1914—Germany invades Belgium in attempt to reach France.
- 1914—Belgium appeals to England for assistance in maintaining neutrality.
- 1914—Germany declared war on France.

August 4

- 1265—Battle of Eversham.
- 1789—Privileged classes abolished in France.
- 1792—Percy B. Shelley born.
- 1823—Oliver P. Morton born.
- 1846—Iowa admitted to the Union.
- 1864—Farragut in Mobile Bay.

- 1857—First Atlantic cable message.

- 1886—Samuel J. Tilden died.

- 1900—Siege of Eland River.

- 1903—Giuseppe Sarto chosen Pope as Pius X.

- 1913—President Wilson selects Ex-Governor Lind as special peace envoy to Mexico.

- 1914—Germany declared war on Belgium.

- 1914—French Minister of War declared state of war existed with Germany.

- 1914—German troops attack Liege.

- 1914—President Wilson issued U. S. neutrality proclamation.

August 5

- 1620—Pilgrim Fathers sailed for America.

- 1781—Naval Battle of Dogger Bank.

- 1858—Atlantic cable laid.

- 1864—Naval Battle of Mobile Bay.

- 1884—Cornerstone of Liberty Statue laid in New York Harbor.

- 1888—Philip Sheridan died.

- 1912—Progressive National Convention met at Chicago; founding of "Bull Moose" party.

- 1914—Lord Kitchener made British Secretary of State for War.

- 1914—England declared war on Germany.

- 1914—Austria declared war on Russia.

- 1914—Montenegro declared war on Austria.

- 1914—Belgium declared war on Germany.

- 1914—President Wilson tendered his good offices for peace to European conflicting nations.

August 6

- 1637—Ben Jonson died.

- 1759—Eugene Aram executed.

- 1809—Alfred Tennyson born.

- 1859—Peace treaty between Austria and Piedmont.

- 1914—Austria-Hungary declared war on Russia.

1914—U. S. Cruiser Tennessee left New York with \$5,500,000 in gold for stranded Americans in Europe.

1914—Mrs. Woodrow Wilson died.

1914—Italy notified Great Britain of her neutrality.

1914—Servia declared war on Germany.

1914—French troops cross into Alsace.

August 7

1714—Battle of Hang-Udde.

1742—General Nathaniel Green born.

1795—Joseph Rodman Drake died.

1809—Jonathan Trumbull died.

1869—Finsbury Park, London, opened.

1912—Russia and Japan agree on "spheres of influence" in Manchuria.

1913—French Senate passes three-year military service law.

1914—Liege falls into German hands.

August 8

1607—First English settled in Maine.

1727—James Bowdoin born.

1779—Benjamin Silliman born.

1829—First locomotive run in the United States.

1885—Body of General Grant entombed at Riverside Park, New York City.

1894—Republic of Hawaii recognized.

1897—Castillo, Prime Minister of Spain, assassinated.

1914—First British troops land in Belgium.

1914—Portugal announced alliance with Great Britain.

THE LITERARY MARKET

(Continued from Page III.)

The examinations will be held February 7th and 8th, 1923.

The British National Opera Company is offering a prize of 50 pounds (about \$220), supplemented by a royalty, for the libretto of a new British opera. The subject must be entirely British in sentiment and the work must be that of a British composer. Arnold Bennett will adjudicate its dramatic possibilities, and Percy Pitt, the Covent Garden conductor will determine its suitability for musical treatment. The latest date for receiving entries is March 31st, 1923. Address to British National Opera Co., Covent Garden Theatre, London, E. C. 4, England.

The Detective Magazine, Fleetway House, London, E. C., England, is a new publication of the Amalgamated Press, issued fortnightly. It is in the market for short detective stories and for articles dealing with aspects of crime and its detection. Articles of the type of "Safemakers and Safebreakers," "Women Harpies of the Card Table," and "Detective Work on the Railways and in the Post Office" are used. The Amalgamated Press pays well, but buys American as well as British copyright.

Camera! 4513 Sunset Boulevard, Los Angeles, Calif., announces that Delbert Essex Davenport, who will be remembered by many writers as the editor of Photoplay Journal, and the publisher and editor of American Ambition, both formerly of Philadelphia, has been appointed managing editor.

EXPERIENCE EXCHANGE

A Give-and-Take Department—Do Your Share!

Marion Jackson Daniels writes.

Several weeks ago, there was an article in The Editor by Oliver Guy Magee, and in the issue just received, was a comment in The Experience Exchange, which reminded me I was going to comment on Oliver Guy's article myself.

I enjoyed reading the article, and when I showed it to my father, who cut loose from his ranch at Reedley, Calif., long enough to spend a week's vacation with me, he said: "Well, doesn't that beat the Dutch? Here's Oliver Guy blossoming into a writer. I wonder if he has ever made a story version of 'A Rough House.'"

A little secret: "A Rough House" was a good piece of rag time, and I still have a copy of it around the house, with the grinning, yellow dog on the cover. My father had a font of music type, and between him and Oliver Guy they set it up (or started to) and several compositions followed. At the time I was only six or seven years old, but I remember my father running the yellow dog off on the press.

I wonder if Oliver Guy got his urge to think on paper when he was a young fellow around Dad's shop? That's where I got it, and to keep the spark burning, I read The Editor.

Haven't sold so very much yet, as far as free lancing goes, but I hope some day to be able to sell as much as I write—but until the last year I have always been too busy to write what I wanted to, as I have been chaperoning various publicity and newspaper jobs the last ten or twelve years, and to make as much free lancing as I did as publicity manager for several business institutions, I'll have to have at least one article or story in the Saturday Evening Post a month, if not more. In short, and in closing, every story or article I outline and write, I keep the world's greatest weekly in mind.

And to close, both myself and my father would

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The author who enrolls for the novel writing course will study the Council Chapbooks on Story Conception and Construction, on Character Genesis and Presentation, on the Dramatic, and on Objectification of Story Material. He will also be expected to respond to at least twenty of the Council Assignments. Simultaneously he will begin the writing of his novel. His Council instructor will advise with and help him in isolating and developing his ideas, and in planning his novel. As the novel is written, it will be taken up chapter by chapter by the Council, and carefully and constructively criticised. The Council will stimulate each author to make the sustained effort required to write a novel.

The Author who works regularly will be able to finish his novel by March 1st, 1923, so that if he desires it may be offered in Harper & Brothers \$2,000.00 novel competition. No time limit will be imposed, however, and the Council will continue its work with each author until he has finished his novel and completed the stories required in order to respond to the Assignments.

In every detail of the work, and throughout the entire instruction, the Council will keep in mind that it is not putting the author through a cut-and-dried series of fixed lessons, and it will adapt its material and the personal instruction to the needs of each author.

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I enclose \$110 in full payment for the course and the tuition of the Council, or

I enclose \$20 as an initial payment, and agree to pay \$10 each month thereafter until I have paid \$120.00.

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like to see some of Oliver Guy's stories, as the first inkling we had that he composed words instead of music was via the article in *The Editor*.

Robert N. Stannard writes:

Bonuses and Prizes for Greeting Card Sentiments
Competition among greeting card publishers for the best work of writers is becoming keener.

In addition to the Thompson-Smith Co., New York, which holds a prize contest each year, and A. M. Davis Co., Boston, whose annual giving of bonuses to best-sellers is well known, may be added the following:

Van Gorder & Gibbs, Inc., 363 West Erie Street, Chicago, Ill., which is working out a plan of bonuses, or prizes, for the writers of best sellers. They like the "heart-throb" kind.

The Stanley Manufacturing Co., Dayton, Ohio, which will distribute \$500 in prizes next year to the writers of its best selling cards.

Some other manufacturers are paying higher rates for the stuff they want than ever before.

Cincinnati Art Publishing Co., Cincinnati, Ohio, has paid as high as \$1 per line the past year. I know of a writer who has received \$1 a line from Gibson Art Co. I have received 50 cents a line from The Buzza Co., though a year ago they paid me but 25 cents a line.

Don't send "junk" to any of these companies, however. They are in the market only for the most original, cleverest, or wittiest sentiments. Save your hackneyed ones for the half-dollar-per-sentiment-companies.

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JAMES KNAPP REEVE - - FRANKLIN, OHIO

(Founder of The Editor.)

The Author's Newspaper

Vol. 1 No. 1 Published Now and Then as part of The Editor January 6th, 1923.

The illusion that no one wants to read anything more about the war, according to the New York Times, is disappearing. Publishers are certainly not restricting their lists against books on the war. Books by pacifists, books on camp scandals, and books on hardships of trench life, books that emphasize the fact that an army has to have leaders as well as private soldiers, are an intollerable bore. But there never was any real objection to a good war book, and we are glad that the lists of publishers are opening to them.

Odd Volume Jones, one of the Book Hill Folks, Highland Falls, N. Y., has for sale a few copies of "Literature in the Making," by a bunch of its well-known authors. Jones says the chapter by Tarkington is worth all that Harper & Brothers, the publishers, asked for the book, which was \$1.50. Jones will send it, and see that the Folks who run the Addressograph and mail The Editor send the magazine every week for a year—all for \$4.60. Jones says that if he had to work as hard as the rest of the Folks, who get out The Editor, and had to buy all the paper he sees carted by His Cave on the Hill, he'd ask more than \$4.60 for The Editor alone.

The Veterans of Foreign Wars at a recent meeting, supposedly upon request of The American Book Company, voted to co-operate in making a study of the history texts now being used in our public schools. It is proposed to revise American history text-books to eliminate "un-American ideals." Foreign propaganda is said to have pressed into our text-books. It may be so, for we must confess we haven't read a history of the United States written in the last ten years. But this seems to us the sort of supervision that may be dangerous. The American history that is not American is likely to come quickly under the ban of both teachers and pupils.

Roget's Thesaurus of English Words and Phrases will pay its way on your desk if you do no more than use it as a spelling book. If you use it intelligently it

will help you find expression for your thoughts. Roget is the great word book. It is the best phrase book. It is the best book of synonyms and antonyms. The new, large type edition costs \$3.15 postpaid. A cheaper edition—I advise you not to bother with it—costs \$2.15 postpaid. The large type edition will last at least fifteen years without re-binding. Buy it from Odd Volume Jones, at His Cave on Book Hill, Highland Falls, N. Y. Jones will fill mail orders.

A group of English men which includes Lord Balfour, Robert Bridges, Prof. A. T. Quiller-Couch, and Henry Newbolt, and an American group including Robert Underwood Johnson, Prof. Grandgent, Prof. John M. Manly, and Prof. Fred N. Scott, have moved to establish a permanent international body of scholars and writers to maintain the traditions that help the development of the English language. We are glad that the Englishmen warn the American group against "the establishment of an authoritative academy tending inevitably to divorce the literary from the spoken language." The English language is a splendid medium of expression because of its geographical comprehensiveness, its fine traditions, and its vigor. This proposed Academy of the English language should be able to do some good work. We should like to know, however, the traditions it hopes to maintain, and the development it will favor. We are tempted to feel that those who use the language must be trusted to maintain it.

Reading notices or advertisements are accepted for this page. The cost is \$.25 a line; no notice of less than four lines is accepted. Twenty-five cents a line figures about 5 cents a word. Payment must accompany order. The forms close two weeks in advance of date of issue.

What a man does, so the psychologist reasons, means little of itself, but much as indicating what he would like to do. Interesting, and helpful, except that the ten-

dency to see in worth-while accomplishment the civilized desire to bury "inferiority complexes" gets nowhere. We can none of us be perfect; we do not, however, because we cannot reach the stars, carry our heads high because the gutter is insidiously appealing to us.

Life has its way with most of us. It often drives us to accomplishment of a sort we might not have chosen of ourselves. Fate does, then, thwart us into successes that serve her purpose. But not because we longed to kill our fathers.

Odd Volume Jones, who is one of the Folks on Book Hill, Highland Falls, N. Y., says every thinking author—and not only those who want to follow in the footsteps of H. G. Wells—ought to read and know Tyler's "Primitive Culture." O. V. Jones has a fine two-volume edition for sale at \$9.00 postpaid. The regular price is \$12.00.—adv.

The offer of The Scientific American of a prize of \$2,500 for the first person who produces a psychic photograph under test conditions, and a prize of \$2,500 to the first person who produces "an objective psychic manifestation of physical characters, that can be made the subject of 'permanent instrumental record,' may have some definite result. The committee of judges is interesting in its personnel: William McDougall, D. S., formerly of Oxford and the British Society for Psychical Research, who occupies the chair of Psychology at Harvard University; Daniel Frost Comstock, Ph. D., member of the Advisory Scientific Council of the Society for Psychical Research; Walter Franklin Pierce, Ph. D., principal research officer for The American Society for Psychical Research; Hereward Carrington, Ph. D., widely known for his psychic investigations, and Harry Houdini, the vaudeville magician. Entries are to be received by J. Malcolm Bird, an editor of The Scientific American. The laymen would say that anything that this committee accepts as worthy of either of the two prizes could be accepted by even the skeptic. Entries will close on December 21st, 1924, unless one or both of the awards is won earlier.

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A Weekly Service for Authors

VOL. 60

Book Hill, Highland Falls, N. Y.

NO. 7

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Brief Articles on All Phases of Efficiency Desired. New Book Publishers to Specialize in Sociological Works. Unique News and Human Interest Photographs Wanted. Prizes Amounting to \$1,000 Offered for Letters. Mystery Novelettes and Weird Fiction in Demand. Ideas Desired for Simple Advertising Novelties. Material on Money Making Desired. Prizes Offered for Cartoons on Humane Treatment of Animals. Excellent Payment Offered for Stories of Forging, Counterfeiting, etc. Other News of the Week of Importance to Authors Who Have Manuscripts to Sell.

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Weekly

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29th Year

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If you do, then perhaps a good dictionary is the only word reference book you need.

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THE LITERARY MARKET

There is a place somewhere for every good Manuscript.—THE EDITOR

In this department THE EDITOR publishes each week news of the literary market that interests and aids writers with manuscripts for sale. Whenever possible statements are taken exactly from letters received from the editors of the publications concerned.

Personal Efficiency, Michigan Avenue at 41st Street, Chicago, Ill., E. P. Herman, editor, is in the market for brief articles on vocational efficiency, personal business efficiency, human nature, self-expression, the use of leisure hours, physical efficiency, efficient thinking, the background of nature and science in efficient life, the technique of efficiency, and the control and appreciation of the better things in life. *Personal Efficiency* wants to deal intimately and constructively with the problems of business men and especially correspondence study students. It wants to present brief articles on ways and means that have been effectively used in the marketing of personal services. It wants very brief articles that present stunts, suggestions, ideas, plans and short cuts in business, industry and life. Interested contributors might very profitably communicate with Mr. Herman. Mention *The Editor Magazine*.

The Argyle Publishers, 53 West Jackson Boulevard, Chicago, Ill., is a new organization that will specialize in the publication of sociological books, particularly those on racial and ethnological subjects.

The Cauldron, New Haven, Conn., Harry F. Preller, editor, writes that at present he has enough material on hand for three months.

The Continent, 509 South Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Ill., has a department of "Some Pictures of Persons and Places," in which it uses photographs of some unique news or human interest value. From fifty cents to one dollar is paid for each acceptable photograph. Unavailable photographs are promptly returned, and if requested, accepted photographs are returned after the engravings have been made.

The Sherwin-Williams Company, Cleveland, Ohio, offers a first prize of \$250, a second of \$200, a third of \$100, two prizes of \$50 each, six prizes of \$25 each, ten prizes of \$10 each, and twenty prizes of \$5 each for the most helpful letters describing "Your Use of Sherwin-Williams Products." "The object of the contest is to get actual true stories that could be used in advertisements to prove the beauty, economy, convenience, long life, or increased value of property resulting from the use of Sherwin-Williams paints, varnishes, stains, enamels, or other products. Less credit will be given to the wording or literary style of the letters than to the information they contain. You must be able to prove the statements you make with evidence in the form of photographs, dates, the names and addresses of people familiar with the facts on which the letters are based, etc. The competition closes May 15th. It would be well for interested writers to send to the Sherwin-Williams Company for complete details." Mention *The Editor*.

Detective Tales (devoted to mystery fiction) and **Weird Tales** (devoted to unusual stories), 854 North Clark Street, Chicago, Ill., Edwin Baird, editor, writes: "I am still very much in the market for fiction, both for *Weird Tales* and *Detective Tales*.

Prize Contest Announcement

Entertainment Program Features Wanted
\$500.00 in Cash Prizes Offered

For best program features for five Sunday-school occasions: Christmas, Easter, Children's Day, Rally Day, and Mother's Day.

Features suitable for presentation by Intermediate and Senior classes of the Sunday-school.

Short features requiring not more than five to seven minutes to render.

Five First Prizes of \$50.00 each

Five Second Prizes of \$30.00 each

Five Third Prizes of \$20.00 each

\$50.00 will be paid for the best program feature for Christmas; \$50.00 for the best for Easter; \$50.00 for the best for Children's Day; \$50.00 for the best for Rally Day; and \$50.00 for the best for Mother's Day.

Likewise \$30.00 will be paid for each of the second best program features for special occasions mentioned, and \$20.00 for the third best.

All other manuscripts found available will be bought and paid for at regular rates. Manuscripts not found available will be returned. Each writer may submit as many manuscripts as desired.

Contest closes April 20th, 1923.

Requirements below will be the basis of judging manuscript:

1. Features must be such as an individual class, or one or more members of the class, may render, characters introduced being within such range of age as to make this possible.
2. They must bring in the class in some way, creating or showing up the class spirit with unexpected and humorous combinations, the rendering of which will not only be likely to cause a sensation and prove attractive for the occasion, but prove a good advertisement for the class itself.
3. Must have quick action. Must be novel and spirited, with clever surprises, or such as work up to a striking climax.
4. Must be especially intended for the occasion for which provided. We cannot use anything of so general a character as to be suitable for any occasion.
5. May be made up of recitations, dialogues, drills, tableaux, demonstrations, etc., each feature having but one or several parts.
6. Must be short, requiring not more than five to seven minutes to render, and call for but little in the way of costuming or platform preparation.
7. Must be suitable for presentation to a mixed audience, children and adults, such as maintains at the usual Sunday-school entertainment.
8. Prose is desired for the most part. Features all in verse are apt to lack force.

Some Don't's

Don't send complete programs. We cannot use these.
Don't write features in verse to be set to new music.
Don't send a compilation for a feature.
Don't introduce Mother Goose characters.
Don't emphasize Easter or Children's Day as "Flower Day."
Don't compare rich and poor children in any situation.
Don't send Christmas features for a "White Christmas Entertainment."

All manuscripts must be in our hands, addressed to:

Contest Editor, Entertainment Department,
DAVID C. COOK PUBLISHING COMPANY,
Elgin, Illinois,

by April 20th, 1923.

Send for further particulars if desired.

I particularly need novelette lengths—20,000 to 30,000 words. I get a tremendous number of short stories in every mail, but there is an alarming scarcity of novelette material. Will you not please insert a notice in the next issue of The Editor, calling this to the attention of your readers?"

Midnight Mystery Stories, 1926 Broadway, New York, N. Y., one of the MacFadden Publications, has suspended publication.

A. N. Webb & Company, 27 Endicott Street, Salem, Mass., announce its willingness to pay for ideas for advertising novelties. Ideas must be "new and snappy, yet simple."

The Dairy Farmer, Des Moines, Iowa (an E. T. Meredith publication; Successful Farming and Fruit, Garden and Home are others), C. A. Gross, editor, writes: "Most of the material used in The Dairy Farmer is of a strictly dairy nature. We get quite a good deal of this from the representatives of the dairy departments of the various agricultural colleges. A large number of articles are prepared by special assignment. For that reason, I rather question whether you would want to use any notice in regard to our needs in The Editor. Occasionally we do buy material, but it is very limited."

The Nation, 20 Vesey Street, New York, N. Y., announces that its annual poetry prize of \$100 has been awarded to Stephen Vincent Benet for his poem "King David." Mr. Benet's poem was selected after careful consideration from more than 4,000 manuscripts submitted by about 1,500 writers.

Social Progress (to answer an inquiry) is located in Chicago, at 205 West Monroe Street, Chicago, Ill. We have not seen a copy of Social Progress for four or five months.

How to Make Money, 24 Jackson Avenue, Long Island City, N. Y., writes: "We find that manuscripts being submitted to us do not in any sense attempt to follow out directions we have given. First: The name of the product or money making opportunity must be accurately stated. Second: The amount of capital needed. Third: The possible profits. Fourth: An appropriate picture or illustration. Fifth: Occasionally the above may be supplemented by a recital of how someone has made money in this particular line. We want no general stories on thrift, or savings, no sermons on industry, and no poetry, etc."

Metropolitan, **Physical Culture**, **True Story Magazine**, **Movie Weekly**, **Beautiful Womanhood**, and **National Brain Power**, the Macfadden publications, have moved to 1976 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

The Field Illustrated, a monthly magazine of stock breeding and agriculture, 2 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y., has been purchased by John A. McKay from The American International Publishers, Inc.

The Home Owner, Los Angeles, Calif., is a new illustrated monthly magazine devoted to the building of better homes.

The Art Crafts Review, Chicago, Ill., a new monthly edited by R. H. Nason, is published by the Arts Crafts Guild, Inc.

Tea Room and Gift Shop (to answer an inquirer) is located at 241 West 37th Street, New York, N. Y., **The World Traveler** at the Biltmore Hotel, New York, N. Y., and **The Food Journal** at 132 Nassau Street, New York, N. Y. None of these periodicals

is regularly in the market for contributions. All use some material, so that an interested author should address the editor of each to learn of current requirements.

Capper's Weekly, Topeka, Kansas, conducts a number of letter competitions in which prizes of \$1 each are paid for each acceptable letter. Brief letters on "My First Proposal," and its unique features are desired. Prizes are offered for brief letters on saving money to purchase a home, for jingles, for

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practical household discoveries, and for anecdotes. Authors interested in these small prize competitions should see a recent issue of Capper's Weekly.

American Humane Education Society, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, Mass., "to emphasize the lessons of Be Kind to Animals Week, April 9th to 14th, and Humane Sunday, April 15th, 1923," offers a first prize of \$35, and a second prize of \$15, to the makers of the best cartoons, illustrating kindness to animals, which are actually published in any periodical between February 1st and April 20th, 1923. "Such cruelties as hunting, trapping, the trained animal performance, rodeos, abuse or neglect of domestic animals, etc., may be treated in the drawings. It is especially desired that cartoons be published during 'Be Kind to Animals Week.' The page of the newspaper or magazine containing the cartoon and date of its publication must be received by the Cartoon Contest Editor, not later than April 30th, 1923." Writers should call the attention of their favorite cartoonist to this offer. It is in a splendid cause. Prizes are also being offered amounting to \$135 for posters submitted to the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals before April 1st, by pupils of high schools in Massachusetts, junior high schools in certain grades of public schools in Massachusetts. Information in regard to this competition will be supplied by the Massachusetts Society.

Carl H. Getz, Director, Protective Bureau, Teller Corporation, 149 Broadway, New York, N. Y., will pay one cent a word for authentic stories about forgery and counterfeiting—forged, raised and altered checks, forged endorsements and forged certification stamps; counterfeit and raised currency. Stories to be acceptable must be absolutely accurate and complete in every detail. Wherever possible newspaper clippings to verify facts should accompany manuscript. Payment upon acceptance. Decision within five days of receipt. Sale of manuscript gives us complete rights. Double rates for especially desirable copy.

WHEN IS A STORY SOLD?

An unusual situation has been brought to the attention of The Editor Magazine. Following the taking over of The Metropolitan Magazine by the Macfadden Publications, Inc., 1926 Broadway, New York, N. Y., Midnight Mystery Stories, which had been one of the Macfadden Publications, was suspended. Mr. Lyon Mearson, who had been editing Midnight Mystery Stories, was thereupon instructed to return to authors all stories that had been accepted by Midnight Mystery Stories that had not been printed.

The decision to return the unpublished stories that had been accepted was not made, we understand, by Mr. Lyon Mearson. It came from higher up in the Macfadden organization. It was done without the slightest regard to the rights of the authors of the unpublished stories. These authors had offered the manuscripts of their stories for acceptance to the Macfadden Publications, and had received definite letters of acceptance, worded as follows: "This is to inform you that I have accepted your story, '———', for use in Midnight Mystery Stories. Check will follow in due course." Without the slightest doubt, the offer by the authors of their stories and the acceptance of the stories by Mr.

Mearson, and the writing of the letters of acceptance, constitute a definite contract that can be readily enforced without any great expense by the authors.

It should not be necessary, however, for authors to take any action. The Macfadden concern is profitable. If its magazines were not making money, the return of the stories could be understood. If Midnight Mystery Stories was a loss, the Macfadden concern should shoulder the loss, and should not expect the authors concerned to accept any part of it. If the stories could not be used in one of the other Macfadden publications, they could readily be sold to other magazines by the Macfadden Publications.

In one or two cases, Mr. Charles Fulton Oursler, supervising editor of the Macfadden Publications, Inc., has persuaded authors to acquiesce in the abrogation of the contract for purchase of their stories by Midnight Mystery Stories through a half promise that the authors would be favored when the time came to buy stories for The Metropolitan. Mr. Oursler himself is not long out of the writers' ranks. He is said to be paid a salary approaching \$1,000 a month by the Macfadden Publications, Inc. Why he should not be willing to stand by definite agreements made by one of his editors for the purchase of stories, is not understandable.

The Editor's advice to all authors whose once accepted stories have been returned by Midnight Mystery Stories is to return them at once with a demand for payment. If the demand is not met, and you wish to co-operate with other writers to obtain the money justly due, communicate with The Editor Magazine, and joint action will be arranged to compel payment, if necessary by a suit. The Editor, it may be added, will charge no commission on the amount collected, and can in no way profit by this action. It will, as a matter of fact, undoubtedly make an enemy of Mr. Oursler and the Macfadden Publications. It cannot, however, permit the establishment of a precedent of this sort. If an editor is permitted to return a story he has once accepted, the business of authorship will indeed be in parlous state.

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She is a postgraduate at the state university. At the same university are anywhere from fifteen to twenty boys and girls from her home town. About once a week she sends the home town daily newspaper a two or three hundred word news article about her fellow townsmen and students, or the story of some university affair interesting to the town because of its interest in its young people there, blue-book week, glee-club triumphs—one home girl is a glee-clubber—the ceremonial march for the new university president, football victories—one home boy is on the team.

(Continued on Page VI.)

LITTLE "ADS"

The rate for these ads. is six cents a word. No advertisement will be accepted for less than the cost of 18 words. Payment should accompany orders.

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Anne Mountfort, Artist, 7004-B Chappell Ave., Chicago, Illinois. Illustrations to help sell your manuscripts. Satisfactory but not expensive. Ten years experience.

Illustrations to help sell your story. Fourteen years experience. Reasonable prices. Benton Reed, 118 East Delaware Place, Chicago, Ill.

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Authors: Manuscript Service. For information and rates write, G. D. Tubbs, 1622 New Jersey Ave., N. W., Washington, D. C.

Public Stenographer—Authors' manuscript neatly typed. Best of service and reasonable rates. M. E. Ackerman, Penacook, N. H.

Typing, neatly and accurately done. Manuscript copying a specialty. Write Victor L. Martin, Murphy, N. C., for terms.

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Manuscripts Typed Quickly and Accurately. Ten years typing and proof reading. R. D. C. Campbell, 1103 Vineville Ave., Macon, Ga.

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Prompt and appreciative attention given manuscript typing; \$.45 per thousand words. Mildred Dillistin, Port Jervis, N. Y.

Authors attention—Manuscripts typed, stories, books, photoplays, etc. Prompt, accurate and reasonable service. Work guaranteed. Write for terms. Edna Culler, Medina, Ohio.

Poor Manuscripts? Not necessary. I specialize. Write for terms. L. Rae Simpson, 223 Windemere Ave., Highland Park, Mich.

Writers: At reasonable rates I typewrite manuscripts, observe technical details and furnish one carbon copy. Edna May Bush, New Florence, Pa.

Stories, Poems, Photoplays, Manuscripts of all kinds typed. Quick service. Clean, neat copies. Iris Stallings, Georgetown, Ill.

Authors' manuscripts typed. Sympathetic attention, even to small Mss. Clean copy, proper technical form. Write for terms. Mrs. H. V. Franklin, Register, Ga.

De Lux typewritten manuscripts. Linen paper. Fifty cents a thousand. Discount rates. Mabel Stiles, 17 Sanford St., Muskegon, Mich.

Manuscripts Typed. Accuracy and promptness emphasized. Write for terms. Itha McNay, 719 N. Court St., Crown Point, Ind.

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Authors' Manuscripts typed and grammatically revised. Address Evelyn L. Kelso, 273 Third Street, Albany, N. Y.

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THE ART OF INTERVIEWING

By O. H. Barnhill

A large share of the material used in current periodicals is obtained by means of personal interviews. Multitudes of persons are interviewed upon all sorts of subjects—including themselves. The information obtained in this manner is generally fresh, original, authoritative, and possesses that peculiarly entertaining quality called "human interest," partaking of the personality of the individual interviewed.

Newspapers, trade journals and magazines of general circulation use a great many interviews and character sketches. The Saturday Evening Post, World's Work, Sunset, and The American Magazine are some of the prominent periodicals that print a great many articles of this kind. Writers who have become proficient in the art of interviewing and of properly preparing for publication the material thus obtained have mastered a profitable profession.

In order to learn how to extract information from people, practice interviewing your friends and acquaintances. Every person of mature age has an interesting story. Get that story and write it.

Keep your eyes open for people who know something that would interest the general public, or a large class of people. When you find such a person, arrange a meeting with him as soon as possible. He may die, move away, or the public may lose interest in him and his work while you are waiting for a convenient opportunity to have a talk with him. In this kind of literary work, as in all others, timeliness is important.

As a rule, it doesn't pay to interview very old people, because they may pass away before your story is printed. It is a good idea, however, to collect important information possessed by the aged, as this material may sometime prove marketable.

It is difficult for the average individual to understand why it is advisable to learn as much as possible about a person before interviewing him. When in search of such material the writer is frequently asked why he does not go to the person himself and request the desired information.

The time of a single interview, usually from half an hour to two or three hours, is far too brief in which to obtain a full and

comprehensive story of a man's life and his work, or the necessary data on any other important subject. After obtaining all the material you can from other sources, you will find the interview time all too short in which to gain your subject's confidence and a sufficient quantity of fresh material for a good story.

The more you know beforehand about a man and his work the better able you will be to converse intelligently with him upon that subject. Nothing helps more in this work than thorough preparation for the interview—learning all you can about the subject beforehand.

Find and digest all the printed material you can locate about the person you are preparing to see and the particular subject upon which he is to be interviewed. Other writers may already have collected and published a great deal of the material you are looking for and thus saved you the trouble of getting it together. Begin where others have left off, using what they have written as a foundation for your story.

Search libraries, files of periodicals, and records of organizations. As a last resort, apply to the person's friends and relatives. Supplement printed material with verbal information. In some cases your efforts will be rewarded with a wealth of material; in others, very little.

As an example of the value of this kind of preliminary work, the writer was enabled thereby to compose a character sketch of a millionaire with whom he had had but a minute's conversation and to sell the composition to a national magazine. In the 60 second interview a promise was secured to answer questions which were to be afterwards submitted by mail. The replies received to these inquiries supplemented information which had already been published about the capitalist and made possible the construction of a readable story.

The method of approach is perhaps the hardest to learn. After you have established friendly and confidential relations with a person the rest of the interview is comparatively easy. The art of meeting strangers successfully is one that requires a natural knack and much painstaking practice.

It is well, I have found, to say nothing about the real purpose of one's visit, if that can be avoided, for when a person learns that his remarks are to be published he is apt to become cautious and uncommunicative, in some cases closing up like a clam and refusing to be interviewed.

Just say to your subject that you have heard of his excellent work and are interested in learning more about it. Generally, it will be unnecessary to assign any other cause for your visit, strange as this may seem. Most people consider themselves and their work of such great importance that they are not surprised to find that others are interested.

Start the conversation upon any subject which circumstances suggest, then watch for an early opportunity to turn the talk into the desired channel. It is often difficult to prevent the person interviewed from devoting too much time to unimportant details or from talking at length upon some phase of the subject which is not essential to your story.

You can't afford to humor a person in this respect, because you will need all the time at your disposal to obtain essential facts. Successfully to handle a situation of this kind requires all the tact and diplomacy a young interviewer can command, because the subject naturally thinks he knows more about his story and what it should contain than anyone else and resents being headed off and having his remarks turned in another direction.

Two things are necessary to gain a person's confidence and cause him to talk: interest and understanding. If you are not interested in people and what they are doing you will never succeed as an interviewer—or writer. Understanding human nature comes from study, observation and experience.

Show your subject that you are genuinely interested in him and his work; that you sympathize with his struggles and rejoice in his achievements; that you understand him and the questions discussed. You will thereby forge a key which will unlock his lips and permit the desired facts to flow forth.

How about pretending interest you do not feel and understanding which you do not possess? It is all right to assume a virtue if you haven't it, but people are usually quick to detect insincerity.

Be frank, friendly, free and easy, in order to put your subject at ease; but avoid over-familiarity, morbid curiosity or the appearance of prying into other people's affairs. Always treat your subject with respect. Gain his confidence by showing a lively interest in his possessions and achievements. Don't take issue with him and argue any point, as this arouses antagonism and resentment. Display the sympathy and interest which a friend would evince.

If you possibly can avoid it, never touch pencil to paper in the presence of the person you are interviewing. The fact that his statements are being recorded and are likely to be printed is apt to make him cautious and self-conscious. True, he may know or suspect that you came to "write him up," but unless he sees you taking notes he is apt to forget about it for the time being.

Interviewing is the hardest kind of work—while it lasts. To determine what question to ask next, listen closely to what is being said and fix in one's mind the facts and figures given, all at one and the same time, is a severe tax on the strongest intellect. A successful interview is really a great achievement, made possible by study, practice, and natural ability.

So far as natural aptitude for interviewing is concerned, the writer began as an uneducated country youth, painfully bashful, awkward in movements, clumsy and undiplomatic in speech. He began interviewing by inviting himself to take dinner with J. Sterling Morton, founder of Arbor Day and secretary of agriculture under President Cleveland. The resultant story was sold to *Country Life*.

Interviewing is a man's sized job. But what is more interesting than people, their ideas, experiences and achievements? Writing interviews is writing history, absorbing acts in the mighty drama of human life.

THE PSEUDO-CRITIC

By Catherine Beach Ely

The field is ripe for constructive critics of current events, politics, literature, and art.

Only a loyal few are laboring therein. Perhaps the era is not far distant when Ameri-

ca will produce many more great critics and essayists. The field of criticism including the familiar or personal essay, the personality sketch, the drama, art, music and book review, the editorial and the humorous column awaits critics who are builders.

At present there are too many pseudo-critics abroad in the land. The irresponsible critic is having his heyday. Saucily adjusting his monocle, he saunters into every phase of modern life and letters. Without an atom of self distrust he jauntily pirouettes into the Holy of Holies. He uses the personal essay as a cloak; he interprets history and biography after his own fashion; like a jongleur he tosses the balls of economic and social reform. According to his bias he directs shafts of ridicule at the home, the church, the government, or at tired public men bearing the brunt of battle. He also peers out from under the hood of drama and fiction with which he conceals his poisonous philosophy.

A modern American statue representing "the spirit of the age" shows a man seated, his face tilted obliquely up with a wry, inordinately clever grimace, devoid of sympathy, yet jocose as a gargoyle's—an image of the ultra sophisticated critic of today. The cynical essayist à la mode dangles men like marionettes to the tune of his sarcasm, he damages reputations with an indifferent grimace, with no more seriousness than a magpie he chirps cloakroom gossip. He uses tattle about statesmen and society leaders as a bait for popularization. His lyre has only one string—a shrill encomium for some member of his exclusive literary coterie. He battens on his own aloof superiority and self conscious intellectuality. Enthusiasm he regards as childish. Yet enthusiasm—the child's capacity for wonder and delight—is the dynamo of creative energy.

In "Sartor Resartus" Carlyle gives us a vigorous characterization of the supercilious analyst who flashes his blinding disconcerting wit upon his contemporaries—"Thought without reverence is barren, perhaps poisonous; at best dies like cookery with the day that called it forth; does not like sowing, in successive tilths and wider spreading harvests, bringing food and plenteous increase to all Time—Above all, that class of Logic-Choppers and treble-pipe Scoffers, and profound Enemies to Wonder; who, in these days, so numerously patrol as night-constables about the Mechanics' Institute of Science and cackle, like true old-Roman geese and goslings around their Capitol, on any alarm or none; nay who often as illuminated Sceptics, walk abroad into peaceable society in full daylight, with rattle and lantern, and insist on guiding you therewith, though the Sun is shining, and the Street populous with mere justice-loving men: that whole class is inexpressibly wearisome—The man who does not habitually wonder (and worship) is but a Pair of Spectacles behind which is no Eye."

The pseudo-critic turns his flashlight upon intuitive genius without discovering its source, hence his out-of-focus snapshots of statesmen and authors. Nor does his oblique vision detect the key to modern social and economic problems. Although the needle of his wit irritates, it does not reach the inner motives of leaders or masses. To probe deeply, the touchstone of sympathy is needed.

Criticism which is malicious seldom sways the destinies of nations or individuals. When criticism leaves the stagnant pool of clever persiflage and with humility and faith launches out upon the Sea of Constructive Thought, it becomes really stimulating; it may become great creative art.

CONTEMPORARY WRITERS AND THEIR WORK

A Series of Autobiographical Letters on the Genesis, Conception, Development, and Writing of Short Stories, Poems, and Articles Published in Current Periodicals

A UNIQUE PHILOSOPHY

By Genevieve Larsson

The main difficulty I found in writing "Witch Mary," my first published story (Pictorial Review, January, 1923), was to

weave the past events (Black Eric's evil love for Mary's daughter, the girl's death by drowning, the mother's grief, etc.) into the

story of today, and then carry on the action from the moment those events were clear. It seemed to me a logical thing for the farmers to be gathered in the country store, and that the conversation about Witch Mary should arise, and her story be rehashed among them. Had I told it in straight narrative, spinning over a length of many years, all unity would have been lost. The mood, also, would have been hard to retain. By having unity of time and place (the store as center, Mary's hut on the hill behind, the river flowing past), and by shuttling in the back action, I was able, fairly well, I believe, to preserve the illusion of truth.

The next difficulty lay in creating the witch, real and yet not too real. I have her appear only when Black Eric is near; some people see her, others do not. She does not exist, in fact, except in the guilty conscience of Black Eric, and, through the power of his fear, in the minds of others. The reader does not know her as she is, a lonely old woman who has grieved herself to death on her daughter's grave, until the end, when the farmers discover her skeleton.

Concerning myself, I hesitate to speak. It is my ambition to write of the people I know, and to whom I belong, the Scandinavians of this country. A deep strain of mysticism, an undercurrent of melancholy, run through their veins. The American writers who have handled these people have done so from the outside in. I want to do it from the inside out. Whenever an American wants a stupid cook in a story, or a lumberjack, he invents

what he considers a Swede by giving the character a Scandinavian name and having him speak in atrocious dialect. We aren't all cooks, we aren't all lumberjacks, nor are we all slow and stupid. Some of us can even speak English. It's strange, perhaps, but it's true. The descendants of the proud Vikings form too vital a part of our American civilization to be disposed of in this fashion.

Under the sympathetic guidance of Dr. Blanche Colton Williams and her assistant, Miss Shirley Long, at Columbia University, I studied short story writing. This saved me years of stumbling around by myself. Technic must be learned in any form of art. Why not in writing? Many people seem to think that courses in writing destroy the sacred flame, so to speak. An artist uses the tools at his command, an artisan is used by them. But how can an artist use tools if he be not acquainted with them? A good course gives one something tangible to work from, and never in any case, have I heard of one extinguishing the precious flame we hear so much about.

A word to new writers, and I'm through. Work is the thing that counts. Chisel, and hack, and strike out beloved irrelevant phrases until your creation stands out clear and perfect. It doesn't need the ornament of dress if it's big in itself. And in the meantime pray that your work will not be accepted until it's worth while. More writers are ruined by too hasty acceptances than ever go down to defeat by non-acceptance!

OUT OF CHARACTERS OBSERVED

By William C. Lengel

It's a shame to do it, but here is the way "Rita and the Jazz Bo" (Red Book for January, 1923) came into being:

I knew a rather uncertain youth who celebrated his twenty-first birthday by getting married—two events of some importance. The same day he lost his job—got fired.

I knew another chap—who looked like the first one—and also uncertain—who was expelled from college because he tried to pick up some change by dancing professionally in a cabaret. Or something like that.

These fellows in combination seemed to furnish the basis for a story. My old friend

Gus Hertz, the king of Tin Pan Alley, was around with nothing to do, so I invited him into the plot—and gave the story a Tin Pan Alley atmosphere.

The rest was just work, labor. I hope the story doesn't show it too much.

That is the truth about the conception and birth of "Rita and the Jazz Bo." All I offer in extenuation is that the story was written five years ago. Perhaps I could do better now, perhaps not. At any rate I'm leaving the business of writing fiction—in a large measure at least—to them as can.

So that's that.

Editor's Note: Mr. Lengel is now editorial representative of The International Magazine Company (Cosmopolitan, Good Housekeeping, Harper's Bazar, Hearst's Interna-

tional, Motor, and Motor Boating) and The Cosmopolitan Book Corporation, of which Ray Long is editor-in-chief.

"SAID BY—WRITTEN BY"

Opinions and Quotations from Old and New Books and Periodicals

Walter Williams and Frank L. Martin:

Human Interest

In a strict sense human interest is that which appeals to the reader's emotions—his sympathy or his sense of humor. But human interest has a broader scope still. It includes glimpses of life; those incidents, sayings or doings of persons which arouse a common interest in people as a whole. It may be embodied in a news story or it may predominate in the commonplace happenings or incidents to such a degree that it makes these commonplace things worthy of stories. The element of interest on which news is based, especially where the news is at all important, differs from that of human interest; although there may be many human interest features. The story of an accident recently published will aid in illustrating this point. An iron worker fell from the tenth story of a building which was in the process of construction. When he reached a point between the second and third floors, his hands accidentally came in contact with several ropes. He grasped them unconsciously, thus checking his fall somewhat, swerving his course, and causing him to strike the platform of a scaffolding. Although the scaffold gave away and he fell to the soft ground beneath, his fall had been checked to such an extent that his injuries were not fatal. What then was the character of the vital interest contained in the reporter's story? It was that interest which tends to make news and due, in this particular case, to the unusualness or rarity of the occurrence—the ironworker was alive after a fall of ten stories.

But the human interest was there although the story which embodied it was not procured that day or the next, but many weeks afterward. How does it feel to fall such a distance? What were the iron-worker's thoughts? Could he tell what prompted him to grasp the ropes? The element of human interest in a story from the iron-worker that would answer these questions appealed to

the city editor of one paper. He considered it of so much importance that the condition of the injured man was watched constantly and the moment he had recovered to such a degree that his mind was not clouded by pain and he was allowed to talk, a reporter was sent to get the interview. The story that resulted was so essentially one of human interest and so wide-reaching that newspapers the country over reprinted it and it was read and commented upon by hundreds of thousands of persons.

Another striking example of the prominence of the human interest in news is cited by a Tennessee newspaper in this manner:

That was a short story but truly pathetic and filled with human interest that came over wires from Central Texas, in which the tragic death of two children, 7 and 2 years old, respectively, was told. Allen Wesley Pierce, a small farmer, had the misfortune to lose his wife. This is a tragedy in itself. The wife of a small farmer is truly a helpmeet. She is housekeeper, cook, laundress, school teacher, seamstress, and, when necessary, assistant in the field. There is, perhaps, no more helpless and confused mortal on earth than the man who is suddenly called upon to discharge the household duties formerly attended to by his wife.

His 7-year-old son saw this and valiantly attempted to remove some of his father's perplexities by preparing the evening meal. In doing this the gasoline stove exploded and he and his baby sister lost their lives. While the little hero was stretched on his bed of pain in sight of his dead sister, he explained that he "was cooking supper for papa." It was the simple act of a little child, hazardous and fatal as it happened but the motive behind it glorified it. * * *

The failure of a reporter to recognize and procure the human interest feature of such a story would almost equal the failure to get the story. Without it the story would have been chiefly of local interest and not wide-reaching as news.

These examples are given here with a view of showing how human interest becomes an essential feature of news.

In this manner the reporter should learn to watch for the little details of human interest that add to the effectiveness of news stories. A noted statesman was interviewed

recently on a railway train about certain legislation pending before Congress. In one paragraph of the interview the reporter wrote:

"'This bill is a bad, bad bill,' said Mr. ———, as he peeled a third banana, 'but I am waiting to see, etc.'"

That one little human interest detail, noted in only six words—"as he peeled a third banana"—caused every reader, perhaps, to pause and mentally picture the statesman as he talked. It did not add to the importance of the story as news, but it did add to its effectiveness. It was a detail of a character that tended to make the interview what newspapers try to make all stories published—interesting reading.—From "The Practice of Journalism," published by Missouri Book Company.

Harris Dickson:

Race Psychology

Take our idea of a short story. It has certain characters in a certain environment. Something intervenes between one of the characters and the thing he wants to do. The obstacle may be a woman, a mountain, a state of mind. Maybe a man with a shotgun. The hero overcomes that obstacle and brings the story to a logical ending. If he is a good shot he shoots his way through. If he has a glib tongue he talks his way through. That is the white process of thought.

The negro story is absolutely different in literary structure because the negro mind and mental processes are different. The wind-up of his day is something that he never dreamed of when he started out in the morning, but something that just happened on the way. For that reason a good negro story absolutely violates every canon of short story construction.

Ordinarily a man listening to a white anecdote can almost inevitably foresee what is going to happen, but he can rarely, if ever, have the slightest inkling as to how an adventure in black is going to terminate. Here is an example: A skimpy-built, dish-faced yellow nigger used to clean up rooms at the University of Virginia years ago. That is, he was supposed to clean up the rooms. Throughout the year Henry was afflicted with a chronic case of hookworm hustle. But just before Christmas Henry always got a supernatural hump on himself to prove his attendance for Christmas presents. One

morning the young white student wakes up and finds that Henry has creased his trousers, brushed his shoes, drawn his bath and put buttons in a clean shirt. The student asks: "Well, Henry, what is it you want?" "Yessir, I does aim to ax a little favor of you. You see, I'm chairman of our committee to decorate de church for Christmas. We aims to celebrate juss like de white folks, going to stretch wires across the chancel and cut letters out of pasteboard and tie cedar on 'em for a motto. Beings I'm a college nigger and they's juss ignorant niggers, dey left dem words to me. Won't you please, sir, fix up de motto 'Merry Christmas' in Latin?"

No white mind could logically foresee the end of that story, but to a man who understands the negro mind it casts a marvelous reflex light upon African modes of thought.—The New York Tribune.

Rose Macaulay:

Women Are News

Henry pondered this question of News, what it is and what it is not. Crime is News; girl mothers are News; fabric gloves and dolls' eyes are, for some unaccountable reason, News; centenaries of famous men are, for some still stranger reason, News; railway accidents are News; the wrongdoing of clergymen is News; strangest of all, women are, inherently and with no activities on their part, News, in a way that men are not. Henry had often thought this very singular. He had read in accounts of public gatherings (such as criminal trials, tennis tournaments, and boxing matches) such statements as "There were many well dressed women present." These women had done nothing to deserve their fame; they were merely present, just as men were. But Henry had never read "There were many well dressed men present," for men were not News. To be News in oneself, without taking any preliminary action—that was very exciting for women. A further question arose: were women News to their own sex or only to men? And were men perhaps News to women? "There were many well dressed men present." * * * Ah! that would be exciting reading for women, and perhaps a woman reporter would thrill to it and set it down. * * *

All sorts of articles and letters appear in the papers about women. Profound questions are raised concerning them. Should they smoke? Should they work? Vote? Take orders? Marry? Exist? Are not

their skirts too short, or their sleeves? Have they a sense of humor, of honor, of direction? Are spinsters superfluous? But how seldom similar inquiries are propounded about men. How few persons discuss superfluous bachelors, or whether the male arm or leg is an immodest sight, or whether men should vote. For men are not News.—Quoted by Christopher Morley from "Mystery at Geneva."

Henry Seidel Canby:

The Expressionists

Mr. Edmund Wilson, Jr., in an illuminating essay, recently published in this Review, has explained what those modernists in the arts, the so-called expressionists, are trying to achieve. He finds in the Western World an aesthetic solidarity among many who feel the wild tide of the times rising in their hearts. And he asserts that with these moderns the impulse to express is stronger than the power or desire to interpret; that the world as they see it cannot be interpreted because it is chaotic, incoherent, meaningless. They reflect its indigestion of unorganized elements and believe that to do this vividly is art. As the leader of the dadaists has elsewhere said (I paraphrase his jargon in plain American), it is a foolish world, therefore let us be foolish too in representing it.

Mr. Wilson makes his criticism, which we who still cling desperately to sanity will not dispute, that even if the world is nothing, we in self-respect must try to make something out of it. In every age, he says, men have placed their own arbitrary interpretation upon the mysteries of evolution and devolution, and we also must assume a theory of life and, if we choose to write of the world, make sense and not nonsense. For whatever life may be, art must be coherent.

This is a sound criticism, but as a defense of ordered thinking it is cold and a little hesitant. I believe that there is a warmer and more convincing answer and that a hundred controversies over books, plays, moralities, and immortalities can be better settled when it is understood. I believe that the world is not half so incoherent as the minds of some of the expressionists who write about it. There is plenty of sense in experience if sensible people look for it; and if good art means something it is because life means something also.

But why should the plain man bother

about such subtleties, even the plain man interested in literature? Most novels are coherent enough; the movies make the law of life as simple as setting-up exercises; the newspapers explain the world daily and twice over on Sunday. The merely intelligent man has an interest in the quarrel that is greater than he knows. For it is the expressionists who have taken the lid off literature. They and their theory are back of the reappearance of the inexpressibles in familiar books. A hundred years ago a "leg" was a "limb"; now it is a Freudian symbol, or worse. Twenty years ago privacy and reticence were possible, even in fiction; today they have vanished, at least from advanced literature; the most intimate emotions are as public as sparrows. And naturally, for if writers believe that there is no sense in life as a whole, there remains for their itching typewriters only the fullest kind of a record of every conceivable thought and experience. Nothing more can be done by way of explaining life; so, brothers, let us proceed to describe it with a completeness never before thought worth while; let us spare no mole or wart.

That was the first effect of the theory of incoherency. It arrived while most of us were still arguing that American writers did not express enough. Twenty years ago, as every one knows, American literature was still censored for the benefit of the sixteen-year-old girl. In matters of sex and religion what was published had to be safe for her. It must not arouse her curiosity; it must not deal with subjects outside what was supposed to be her experience. And to protest against this censorship was to be modern and virile in criticism, to argue against suppressions and puritanical restraints was to be up and coming, to defend them was to be stale, washed out.

It was a good fight and many doughty warriors made their critical reputations in its innumerable combats. It is still being waged; indeed, the smoke and dust of conflict were never thicker, so thick that the fighters do not realize that the tide has turned, the battle ground shifted, the whole situation altered. Time has moved on and left many an antagonist noisily quarreling over the past.

I submit that so far as literature is concerned the sixteen-year-old censorship is dead and gone; the bars are down; Americans are free to write what they please of sex in literature, short of pornography, as

the Elizabethans or the Augustans; in religion and politics they are freer. An impartial survey of the books published by the literati in the past two years will abundantly prove my point. The defeat of Mr. Sumner in his attacks upon works where literary merit was unquestioned is merely contributory evidence. Writers have all the liberty they need; they are drunk with liberty. If there is to be any more quarreling, it must be over the limit of expression. It is out of date to attack puritanism. We need a few virile, up-and-coming champions to defend art and the American reader. The question has become "Where do we stop?"

Please note that I am speaking of literature. The movie scenario is still restricted by the Victorian code of morals and religion, although it is allowed to go the limit in suggestion and hypocrisy. The popular magazines and the standardized novel must watch their steps also, especially in the choice of words. But this writing for the multitude is a commerce, not an art, and it must submit itself to laws and customs which have little or nothing to do with the interpretation of life or the expression of the soul. Writers cannot say what they please and still make a great deal of money, but that is no cause for complaint if they are free to express themselves honestly for readers fit to follow them. They are free; and they are drunk with this freedom. The actual situation in post-war literature is the exact opposite of that which our moderns vociferously describe. The danger is no longer puritanism so-called; nor is it anti-puritanism, which is only a negative; the danger lies in this freedom from all restraints (by way perhaps of reaction) and the problem is not a moral one, certainly not chiefly a moral one; it is a question of art. It is a question, to avoid broad, meaningless terms, of whether this enfranchised literature is really expressing us in a useful sense, whether it has not become merely a blowing-off place for the gases of decomposing thought.

I use the word decomposing with full intent. The Greeks knew, and the Middle ages knew, that the human mind and the human imagination have to be restrained from excess if they are to reach the height of achievement. Restraint itself may become an excess, as notably in New England where that towering intellect Jonathan Edwards held himself by a set of resolutions to incessant brooding upon his duty to God. Ev-

en so, Jonathan Edwards in his private life was happy, which (on their own testimony) cannot be said for these moderns whose excess is to tear away all reticences and expose every animalism normally controlled by sane brains; who reserve the counsel of Hamlet and cling to the worser part of human nature, in order to relieve their burdened imaginations, in order to express themselves. Freud is their excuse—the new knowledge that the animal in us is not dead, but powerful in his suppressions. Freud is an admirable excuse—for Freud. His psychology as it gradually modifies itself to fit the facts is bound to affect the literary interpretation of man, exactly as the older psychology led to a new kind of novel and new kind of play. But in expressionism, as its advocates describe it, we are dealing not so much with a new kind of interpretation as with a self-willed desire to use new knowledge as a justification for emptying out a hodge-podge of emotions, for making the hitherto inexpressible the only theme.

I write in general terms because it is, after all, not the writers so much as the critics that I am attacking. Traces of this expressionism run mad can be found in all the Americans whom we call new and modern—in Anderson, in Cabell, in Waldo Frank, in Dreiser. In many freakish experiments, and in such a notable book as "Ulysses" or such a striking poem as "The Waste Land" it may be seen full-fledged. But it is not the books so much as the tendency, which must be fought. The books share and reflect, sometimes with exaggeration, the moral confusion of our world; the critics erect a philosophy of incoherence and cheer their victims on towards anarchy.

Let us drop therefore specific books, and drop especially the expressionism of sex, which is only a part of the question, as it is only a part of ordered life. What we see among writers who are over sensitive to the time spirit is a desperate dropping of all standards and certainties, and a scurry through experience to see what is left. This is not true of modern literature as a whole, but it is characteristic of that marginal fringe which marks our advance towards progress or decay.

For example, in scores of poems, plays, novels, fantasies, written by the advanced few for the few, the heroes are personalities shedding husk after husk of accepted belief and expected conduct, with no stopping place,

no kernel in sight. I find this true of Mr. Lawrence's figures and of the central characters of the new American realists. It is true of less experimental literature. Babbitt is such a figure, as would have been manifest if Mr. Lewis had been writing fiction instead of satire.

Well, if this is reality, why should we object? If the sensitive modern mind finds existence a chaos, history a falsification, religion a sham, science an illusion, morality a code, and personality a series of complexes, why naturally the owner of that mind will be affected. His thoughts can have no unity; his emotions can lead nowhere; he will be adrift upon the stream of consciousness. And this is true of more men and women, especially young men and women, than we care to admit. They are disintegrating, and society, like an old wall, shows the cracks and the crumbles where they have slipped out like mortar that will hold no longer.

The value of the novelists, the poets, and the dramatists in this new school of expressionism is precisely that they are telling us this. They are demanding freedom to express everything because there is, they think, no other way to describe a revolution whose end is anarchy, physical, moral, and intellectual. They are screaming protests against the fatheads who believe that society can run on conventional religion, conventional morality, conventional thinking indefinitely. They belong, indeed, to those spiritual pioneers who in every generation push on ahead into a future not yet realized, often never realized. These suffer vicariously for the rest of us, are tortured by the implications of our philosophy, frightened by the dangers of our conduct, appalled by the application of our knowledge. It may be reformation they demand, or it may be expressionism; they may be right, or they may be wrong; but they are always important because they register the temperature of humanity, and its blood pressure. By them we may diagnose both health and disease, and this is the answer to those who complain of the attention given to seeming freakishness in this Review.

The seers of this generation have undoubtedly looked upon chaos. The war has sharpened their vision, but there is more behind them than the war. For a century we have been breeding eclecticism, inconsistency, conflict of knowledge and belief. The stronger minds have thrown over tradition, not in

contempt, but in distrust and unwillingness to lean upon uncertainty. And these same strong minds have found no alternative but a vague mysticism, or a crude materialism, which as a philosophy science is already attacking by proving the substantiality of matter, its base. Faith, philosophy, conduct, purposes seem all alike chaotic; only scientific research in its narrow area, and mechanical development of the products of the earth's crust are firm, coherent, sure in results. But their results, so great upon the visible world, are petty otherwise. All this the plain man escapes by taking refuge in a tolerable present. All this the weakly sensitive see, and rush to the foolish generalization that the world is chaos, personality incoherent, themselves mere clusters of unrelated experience. And the writer who makes us understand that this is happening is valuable—be he cubist, dadaist, expressionist, or Freudofictionist; but his art is not therefore great. If he has no detachment, no perspective himself, his art is probably bad, no matter how informative.

For art, which must interpret, must therefore be coherent, whatever may be the superficial appearance of life. It is true that the coherence of life is only a hypothesis, but it is a hypothesis concomitant with the existence of man as a rational and self-respecting being, and art, if it is to be human, must support the theory. Furthermore, the art of literature does not deal primarily with the stream of consciousness which for us humans is life; it deals with man's attitudes towards life, with the love of beauty, with self-sacrifice, with honor, with self-control, with religion. There is nothing incoherent here, no lack of absolutes, although definitions may vary. These attitudes, indeed, are not perhaps definable; they are not straight lines, or points, they are areas in which each man must define his own absolutes. That he does so; that men and women, whom we all admire, whom even the expressionists admire, have done so in every generation, is not open to doubt. The readiness—to make life coherent, to live coherently, to write coherently—is all, as Hamlet said in another connection, but by so saying meant what I mean.

If this is true, or even relatively true, then we must praise the expressionist as a safety valve while remaining most doubtful as to the permanent value of the steam he emits. We must say, what even the expressionist knows in his cooler moments and exhibits in

his better work, that restraint is justified even when the world seems incoherent. The stoic was no fool. Neither is he who would exercise the virtue of the Puritan, self-control, without his vices. To stand squarely in an age of thoughtless haste and morbid inconclusion is better than to slide with a clutter of all our dishes down the backstairs of civilization, which seems to be the ambition of some of our most literate. These experimenters are brilliant; they will give us a new technique before they are done; they have already given new subjects to art, and new, and some of them true, views of life. But we need not believe that they are prophets of an age of anarchy and negation. Of course, that is possible, and if you must be-

lieve it, you will. But it is more probable that they are only explorers, lost and crashing through the jungle between the old trail and a better one.

I will be as pessimistic as the most pessimistic intellectual where material progress and its future are concerned, but not as to the eternal value of self-control, clear thinking, and, with these, delight and beauty eagerly sought. It is an attitude which can be translated into terms of criticism, and then it means that we have better grounds than mere timorous necessity for resisting the chaotic, the incoherent, and the unrestrained in literature and in all art.—The Literary Review.

DAY BY DAY THROUGH THE CENTURIES

Compiled by Allen Neville, Willam R. Murphy, and William R. Kane

September 16

- 1776—Battle of Harlem Heights.
- 1807—Trial of Aaron Burr for treason.
- 1812—Burning of Moscow.
- 1823—Francis Parkman born.
- 1858—First overland mail leaves St. Louis for California.

September 17

- 1630—Boston settled.
- 1753—First theatre in New York City opened in Nassau Street.
- 1796—Washington makes his farewell address.
- 1862—Battle of Antietam.

September 18

- 1739—Treaty of Belgrade between Russia, Austria, and Turkey.
- 1861—Battle of Lexington, Mo.
- 1863—Battle of Chickamauga.
- 1906—Typhoon at Hong Kong; thousands of lives lost, 36 vessels wrecked.
- 1913—Administration currency bill passes House.
- 1913—Impeachment trial of Governor Sulzer begun.

September 19

- 1777—Battle of Bemis Heights.
- 1858—George W. Wickersham born.
- 1881—President Garfield died at Long Branch.

September 20

- 1852—Laura Keane appeared at Wallack's Theatre, New York City, for the first time.
- 1870—Italians occupied Rome.
- 1873—Panic in New York Stock Exchange.

September 21

- 1832—Sir Walter Scott died.
- 1858—Cooper Institute opened in New York City.
- 1898—By a coup d'etat, Dowager Empress of China assumes regency.

September 22

- 1776—Nathan Hale executed as a spy.
- 1792—First French Republic declared.
- 1862—President Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation first issued.
- 1914—State of Virginia went dry, to take effect November 1, 1916.

- 1914—Senate passed River and Harbor Bill without a dissenting vote.

- 1914—British Cruisers Abouki, Cressy, and Houge sunk in North Sea by German submarine.

THE EXPERIENCE EXCHANGE

(Continued from Page III.)

Everything is always more interesting when told by somebody who used to live next door to you or across the street, and seems so much more real. Get your home town paper to let you send it little news stories when you are away at college or away from home anywhere where there are a number of home-townners besides yourself.

Viahnett Sprague Martin writes:

My gratitude to The Editor Magazine was materially increased this week by still another check—this one for sixty-five dollars. As my earnings so far have netted me a good many "hundred per cents." upon my investment in The Editor it behooves me to say "thank you"!

I also want to say a word of grateful appreciation to the many editors with whom I have come in (letter) contact through my "tips" in The Editor Magazine. They have been, without exception, very kind, and especially generous in suggesting helpful ideas for the betterment of my work, and to help me in my desire to please them.

Among these I gladly name Mr. Chesla C. Sherlock of the attractive new Fruit Garden and Home, and also Mr. Frisch of the Cincinnati Art Publishing Company. Others, also, have been very kind, notably Mr. John Siddall, who, while he has never accepted a word from me, has managed to encourage me by his rejecting letters.

Philo writes:

My literary experiences have as yet hardly been such as to justify one in getting up in the night to recount them—just the usual round of small work, minor successes, huge disappointments, and a deter-

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or

I enclose \$20 as an initial payment, and agree to pay \$10 each month thereafter until I have paid \$120.00.

.....

.....

mination to carry on in the face of one of the classiest assortment of rejection slips now in captivity. I'll leave it to the statisticians to figure out how many square yards of the den they would paper, or how far they would reach and back again if placed end to end. When I arrive (mind I say "when" and not "if") I shall write and tell how it was done.

Just now I cannot resist an impulse to say a word of appreciation for the splendid article, "Eye Glasses of Fiction," by Carl F. Shepard, D. O. S., which appeared in The Experience Exchange of September 5th last. As Dr. Shepard so modestly remarks, it is a paper not unneeded, and a few more such articles from experts in their respective lines would help writers to achieve that consummation so devoutly to be desired—truth in fiction.

As it happened, just when Dr. Shepard's article appeared, I was engaged in writing a story in which I had one of my principal characters, a young shorthand teacher, peering through the "thick lenses of his horn-rimmed glasses." I don't know why I so fitted him. I can see now that thick lenses through which he had to "peer" were all wrong. I had made an otherwise real and likeable person a freak and an optical cripple. It is a wonder he did not pull them off and dash them to the floor, and he probably would have, before the story progressed very far. Much better off he would have been without any.

After reading Dr. Shepard's timely treatise, I refitted my character and equipped him with convex lenses to correct a mild case of hyperopia. Immediately his headaches ceased and he went through the story a cheerful, efficient and normal young man, enjoying perfect vision.

This story has gone out, and if it sells (mind I say "if" this time) I shall feel even more deeply indebted to Dr. Shepard and The Editor Magazine.

J. B. L. writes:

A book about books that authors will like, a book of contemporary comment on what is going on in poetry, drama, the essay and criticism, is "Appraisements and Asperities, As to Some Contemporary Writers," by Felix E. Schelling, Professor of English Literature in the University of Pennsylvania. The author holds that the first qualification of the critic is an open ear, the second an open spirit. He is of no clique and the supporter of no movement either radical or reactionary. He knows that the root of all that we are in the past; but he is ever ready to welcome the good in the newest of the new. He believes that the Eternal Verities are to be treated with becoming gravity; but he also remembers that the gods laughed together upon Olympus and that the ridiculousness of people was not created in this world to go its way in silence and unobserved by the critic.

As to the title, an "Appraisalment" is an estimate, a valuation, the thing judged by its weight in the hand, the thing judged as to its quality between thumb and forefinger. "Asperities" are the condiments of life without which there is little seasoning. The asperities of this book are less in the nature of reactions of prejudice than those of temper in the better sense of that word, elasticity and a readiness to apprehend.

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(Founder of The Editor.)

The Author's Newspaper

Vol. 1 No. 6 Published Now and Then as part of The Editor Feb. 17th, 1923

* * Samuel Merwin, who always stays at the Algonquin but never sits with the Knights of the Pen at the Round Table, came in this week from Concord. He invariably has the clear skin and snapping eye of a man who wisely breathes air and not gasoline. On being asked how his new book was getting on he said: "I've been having the time of my life. I'm so excited about it that I leap out of bed and positively push breakfast out of the way so that I can get to work." And the title of it? "Hush! Not yet!"

:: :: ::

Odd Volume Jones has six copies of "How to Write for Moving Pictures," by Marguerite Bertsch, which is regarded by many authorities as the most comprehensive and helpful book for the playwright, that he will sell for \$2.00 postpaid, and four copies of George Pierce Baker's "Dramatic Technique," that he will sell for \$4.00 postpaid. This latter is a dreadful big book, formidable to the sight, but even Odd Volume Jones finds the text understandable and mighty valuable. Jones thinks the aspiring playwright and fiction writer ought to burn midnight oil over Baker's book. George Pierce Baker is the Harvard University 47 Workshop professor whose students really place their plays.

:: :: ::

Morris Gest, who once employed Odd Volume Jones as a "super," and treated him like a star, is going to build a "big, plain theatre, as close to a barn as I can make it," with "art, not profit" as the guiding principle, to encourage young dramatists, composers, players and singers. Gest usually does what he sets out to do. He brought the *Chauve Souris* players and the Moscow Art Theatre to this country in the face of obstacles that would have discouraged even a man who believed in the financial success of these ventures. We can, then, look upon Gest's Art Theatre as certain to arrive. In fact, with the help of Otto H. Kahn, Gest expects to be ready for productions by November.

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Morris Gest says: "Mr. Kahn considers his whole mission in life

to be that of promoting art in America. The theatre will consist of the operatic theatre and of an elaborate studio for rehearsals and for giving preliminary tryouts to native art and artists. The studio will be available as a small theatre for the holding of something like sublimated amateur nights, at which promising novelties will be presented privately and the reaction of select audiences studied. We are going to try to encourage the great youth of America to do better things. We intend that the main feature of this theatre will be a big open door for ideas. The chance of its success is very doubtful. It cannot succeed within a year or within two years. With a long time and patience and hard work, we hope to build up an institution that America will be proud of. In all probability there will be many failures and many mistakes. It is to be a one-man institution and no one-man institution can get along without many mistakes. It will not be confined to opera by any means. It will be a place for drama and music as well. The ordinary play will not be produced here. When drama is presented, it will be for some special reason. This plan bears some resemblance to the Moscow Art Theatre. That resemblance is accidental. This theatre and its policy are not patterned after the Moscow Art Theatre in any way."

Asked the process by which undiscovered genius could be sought out and placed before the public, Mr. Gest said: "That is simple. There will be plenty of people to tell us of unknown artists or singers, composers or dramatists who are promising. Our principal reason for being will be to find out and encourage real talent. Nothing will be put on because it has influence behind it. Everything will be selected for merit. Any other policy would quickly kill the project."

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The customers will be glad to know the Rhode Island Reds are laying. Jones got 20 dozens of eggs last week. The editrix got 3 dozen for rent of the Cave, and Bob and Frank Pascoe bought the rest. Jones's gross profit for the week from the hens was \$2.70. A few more weeks like this and

Jones will be ahead of Henry Parry's bill for feed. The rest of the Folks on Book Hill are watching with interest to see how quickly Jones sells his odd issues of *The Black Cat*, *Yours Truly*, and *The Blue Pencil* at a nickel each in lots of five. Jones is worried for fear the odd numbers will soon be exhausted. He has sold scores of twenty-five cent lots, four one dollar lots, and one two dollar lot. "It's a lot for a quarter," says Jones. "Many a story in the odd Black Cat issues has an emotional lift or a mental provocation that you can't buy elsewhere for many times the price. They are still a nickel each, in lots of five, as long as they last. Send your order for odd issues to Odd Volume Jones."

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* * Frederick Arnold Kummer, Stephen Vincent Benet and Courtney Ryley Cooper were among the galaxy of authors who contributed speeches to the series of literary Wednesdays given during the month of November by, and at, the National Arts Club. Mr. Kummer, following the theme of his new book, "The First Days of Man," talked about the method of teaching a child to think and was assailed afterwards by many parents for further details. Mr. Cooper told some amazing circus stories which made the N. A. C. hold its sides with laughter. Stephen Benet, who has lately turned out some gorgeous quasi-historical ballads, read one or two and was warmly applauded. His second novel, "Young People's Pride," is in its second edition.

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* * The New York and Boston papers have been making much of the Dorothy Gordon case. Not the least amazing fact about it is that the story of the unfortunate girl is almost paralleled by a recent novel, "Swallowed Up," by Mrs. Wilson Woodrow. Not only are both girls heiresses and confined in insane asylums, but both, it is suspected, are sought in marriage by a man responsible for the confinement, and both girls are drugged. It is to be hoped that there will be a happy ending in the real story as there is in Mrs. Woodrow's.

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Odd Volume Jones says: "All the double asterisk stuff is contributed by A. Hamilton Gibbs, of Brandt and Kirkpatrick."